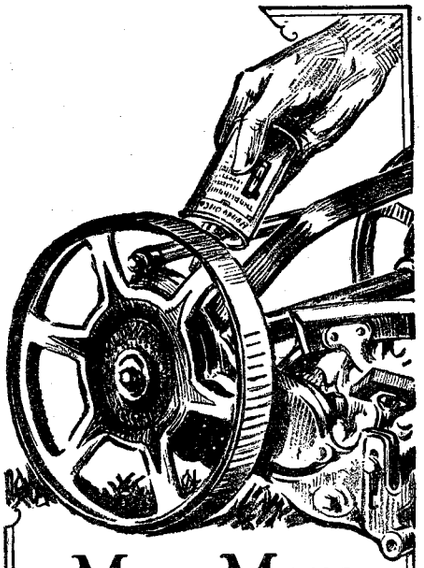

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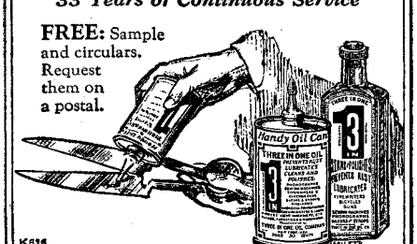

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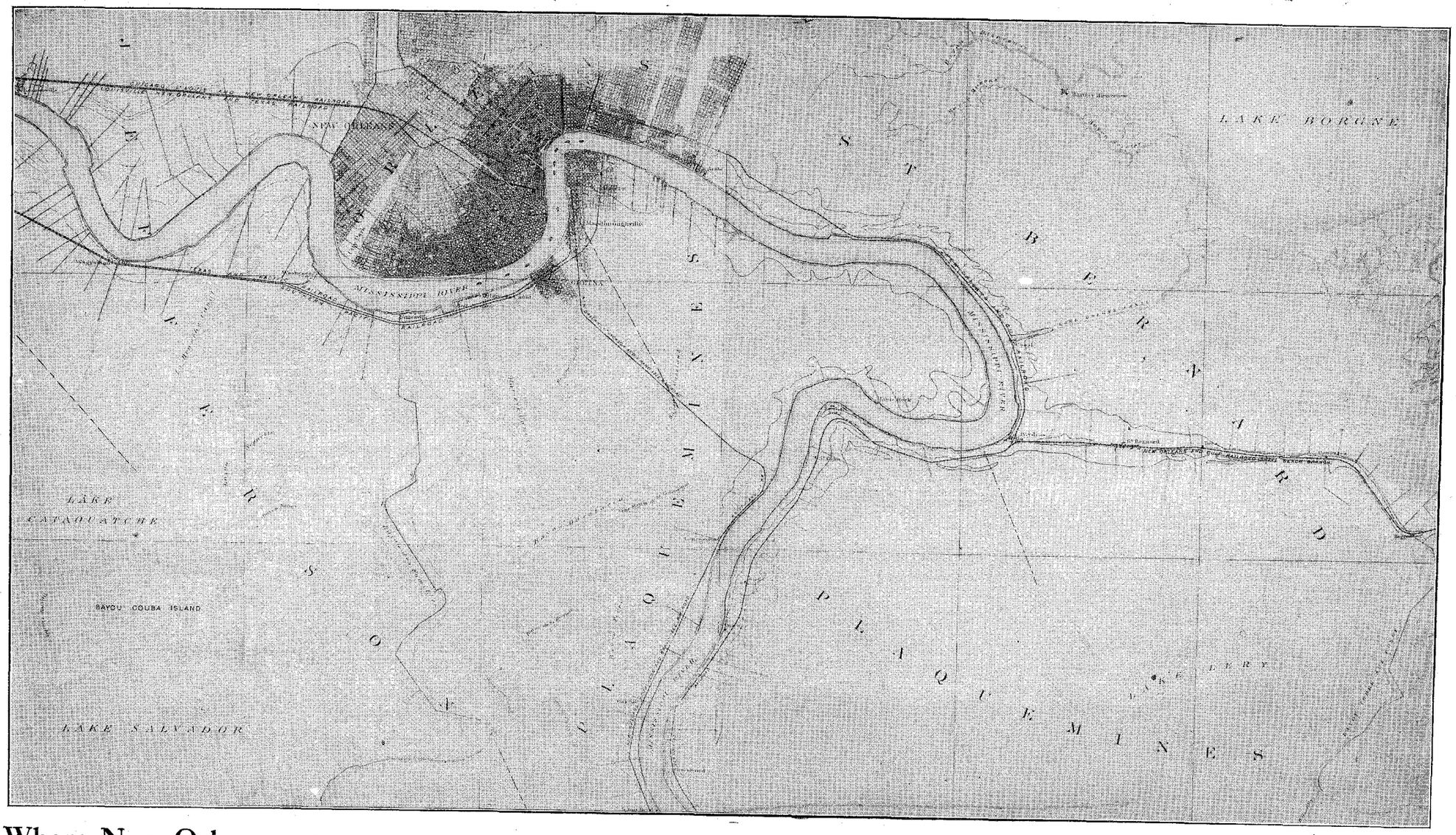

Where New Orleans Dwells Beside the Mississippi

This reproduction of a United States Geological Survey map of the country surrounding New Orleans shows graphically the menace of floods to the Crescent City. The absence of contour lines, the presence of great areas marked as marshes, doubly indicate the flatness of the terrain. The river flows from left to right. The place where the break in the levee was made at Poydras may be found on the left-hand bank of the Mississippi, in the bend of the river at the extreme right. Much of the territory between Poydras and Lake Borgne has been evacuated. It was through the levee at this point that the river burst in 1922.

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The Outlook

Volume 146 May 11, 1927 Number 2

The President's Second Appeal

HERBERT HOOVER, Secretary of Commerce, as a result of first-hand observations in the Mississippi Valley, reported to the President the need for additional Red Cross funds. President Coolidge has issued a second appeal to the Nation, which we publish herewith:

To the People of the United States:

The situation in the Mississippi Valley has developed into a grave crisis affecting a wide area in several States. There are now more than 200,000 flood refugees who have been driven from their homes. This number is being increased daily as fresh breaks in the levees inundate the country on either side of the river, driving the inhabitants to points of safety.

These refugees are being fed, sheltered and clothed by the American Red Cross, acting as the agent for the American people. The burden of their care will continue for many more weeks.

Because of the vast increase in the flooded area, the sum already called for will prove insufficient. The numbers to be cared for have been doubled since that call, and the crest of the flood has not reached all parts.

In order that these thousands of your homeless fellow-citizens may continue to receive necessary care, a minimum of $10,000,000 will be needed, and it is therefore decided that the quotas originally assigned as a minimum to the various communities should be doubled.

As President of the United States and as President of the American Red Cross, I am therefore urging our people to give promptly and most generously so that sufficient funds may be received to alleviate the suffering among so many thousands.

For the purposes of co-ordination and effectiveness in the administration of the relief fund, I recommend that all contributions be forwarded to the nearest local Red Cross Chapter or to the American National Red Cross Headquarters offices at Washington, St Louis or San Francisco.

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

$10,000,000 for Flood Relief

AS knowledge of the devastation in the Mississippi Valley extends, the amount of injury and suffering is found to be far in advance of first estimates. This is stated forcefully by President Coolidge in his second Proclamation, published on this page.

On May 2 reports from New Orleans stated that the crest of the flood had passed to Louisiana from Arkansas and Mississippi, but that New Orleans seemed to be safe because of the artificial crevasse opened by dynamite on April 28 and later extended in width. Flood conditions north of New Orleans remain unabated and fresh breaks occur frequently on both sides the river, and drive out the people in many thousands.

Secretary Hoover and General Jadwin, army engineer, have united in a statement the conclusion of which asserts that "levees are the practicable, feasible, and economical means for affording flood protection for the valley as a whole." The statement points out that many of the suggestions for remedies are obviously impracticable, and that the problems involved are not known to the well-meaning proposers of remedies. For instance, it contradicts what is called the most widespread fallacy about levees, namely, "the assertion that they raise the bed of the river, so that in the long run they will merely result in the formation of an elevated trough," adding that "the surveys and measurements carried on for more than a half-century do not show that the levees have very appreciably raised the bed of this river."

General Jadwin is quoted as saying that "most of the present levees will have to be raised and in some reaches new levees may have to be placed farther back."

We call our readers' attention, however, to an editorial elsewhere as to what has happened in China.

It is extremely probable that the next Congress will provide for an extensive and comprehensive study of conditions in which experts not now members of the Mississippi River Commission will be invited to present their views. As President Roosevelt pointed out in an article in The Outlook in 1913, the problem is National and demands action by Congress. Secretary Hoover has tersely remarked, "No part of the Nation can suffer a loss without that loss reflecting on to every other part."

The Risk for Pioneers

A DOOM seems to hang over the transatlantic fliers. The accident on April 26 in which Lieutenant-Commander Noel Davis and Lieutenant Stanton H. Wooster lost their lives was the fourth mishap within less than a year to the pioneers of long-distance flying. The huge Sikorsky plane of Captain René Fonck crashed over an embankment and burst into flames last September as crowds of admirers waved good-by; Commander Byrd badly damaged his plane early this spring while alighting from a trial flight; and Clarence D. Chamberlin narrowly escaped serious accident when part of his landing gear was broken just two days before the tragedy on Langley Field.

Commander Davis and Lieutenant Wooster were killed in a final test to determine whether their machine could operate when loaded with all the fuel necessary for the flight from New York to Paris. Apparently Commander Davis had some idea that the burden might be too heavy, but there was no way to

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prove it but by actual test. It was the experimentation essential to any transatlantic flight, and the two fliers gave their lives as pioneers are often called upon to give their lives in any undertaking which is dangerous until their sacrifices have pointed the way to safety.

But to draw the conclusion from these accidents that aviation in general has not yet evolved beyond the experimental point and is still as dangerous as these disasters would seem to indicate is to fall into a fallacy. In each case an extraordinary hazard was faced and conditions had to be met which are entirely foreign to ordinary commercial flying. According to the consensus of expert opinion, the chief difficulty which must be overcome for a transatlantic flight is the proper adjustment of the plane to the tremendous weight in fuel which must be carried. The strain and stress on wings, stays, and struts increases almost in geometrical proportion to the extra weight. Under the normal conditions which exist for any flight not involving a non-stop ocean crossing, this question of weight can be worked out much more easily. This has been done successfully in the Air Mail Service of this country and the extensive passenger services of Europe, where the element of risk has been greatly reduced and accidents are comparatively rare. To think, therefore, of the general field of aviation in terms of such pioneer attempts as transatlantic flights is to confound the experimental stage with a proved development.

And now has come the announcement of Harry F. Guggenheim, President of the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, that $150,000 has been offered for a competition for advance in the safety of flying.

And, despite every disaster, the pioneers of long non-stop flights are bound to continue their experiments until a point is reached where a margin of safety becomes possible. The news of the crashing of the American Legion and the death of its crew did not for a moment cause other contestants for the honor of first flying from New York to Paris to give up their plans. The accident merely taught a lesson of which the first result is the decision of Bert Acosta, rival of Chamberlin for the honor of piloting the Bellanca monoplane across the Atlantic, to withdraw in favor of Chamberlin, who is sixty pounds lighter. Acosta's letter of resignation announced with evident regret that he had reached this decision because he felt that "excess weight has contributed to the disastrous ending of similar attempts."

Chamberlin is now expected to "take off" with Lloyd Bertaud as navigator at the first favorable opportunity.

The Pulitzer Awards

THE public interest in the annual award of prizes provided for by the late Joseph Pulitzer rests partly on the number and variety of the subjects, but even more, we believe, in the fact that public service as well as individual talent is involved.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

Toppling the idol

Thus in the recent announcement of awards for 1926 the name that stands out most vividly is that of Don R. Mellett, assassinated in his campaign against graft and crooked politics. To his paper, the Canton "Daily News," is awarded the prize for "the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper during the year." This newspaper, says the award, waged a "brave, patriotic, and effective fight for the purification of municipal politics and for the ending of a vicious state of affairs brought about by collusion between city authorities and the criminal element."

The prize for the best editorial of the year, one test for which is "power to influence public opinion in the right direction," goes to Mr. F. L. Bullard, of the Boston "Herald." It is entitled "We Submit—" and relates to the Sacco-Vanzetti murder case. A third award that includes the requisite of public service is that for the best example of a reporter's work. It goes to John T. Rogers, of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," for the inquiry leading to the impeachment of Judge George W. English, of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Illinois.

The more important of the other awards are: to Louis Bromfield, for his novel "Early Autumn," which the judges deem to be best as presenting standards of American manners and manhood; to Paul Green, for his play entitled "In Abraham's Bosom;" to Emory Holloway, for his biography "Whitman: An Interpretation in Narrative," as "teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people;" to Samuel F. Bemis, for his work on "Pinckney's Treaty," as being the best book of the year upon the history of the United States; and to Nelson Harding, for his cartoon "Toppling the Idol," reproduced herewith. This cartoon was chosen for publication in The Outlook when it first appeared, last September.

Scientists Disagree

WHETHER the ancestor of mankind was an anthropoid ape, as Darwin believed and as the majority of living authorities still believe, or whether he formed some other branch of the tree of evolution, separate from the early apes, as Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, noted paleontologist and President of the American Museum of Natural History, now believes, was by far the most arresting problem of science argued a few days ago when leading scientists from all over the country met in a rather small, antiquated brick building in Philadelphia. The scientists compose the famous old body named the American Philosophical Society; the building, rubbing elbows with Independence Hall, was built in 1785 for the exact purpose to which it is still being put. Benjamin Franklin organized this society, just two hundred years ago, as "a club for mutual improvement." No scientific body in America now includes a more brilliant membership. The Chairman of the recent meeting sat in the very same chair that Franklin so long occupied. It is doubtful if any chairman between that day and this has found the body over which he presided so tensely interested in a discussion of pure science as this one was in the origin of man.

Now that so well known a scientist as Henry Fairfield Osborn has espoused a scientific belief previously held by only an extremely small minority of anthropologists, the subject is bound to be talked about a great deal for some years to come. It is difficult to detach great questions of science from the scientific personalities that father them; yet the subject must be reviewed dispassionately.

Ape or Dawnman?

LIKE many other disputes, some of the apparent discussion between scientists concerning the origin of man is about words. Some scientists have flatly said that man's direct ancestor was an ape. Others have avoided that flat

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By flood and field

(Othello, Act I, Scene 3)

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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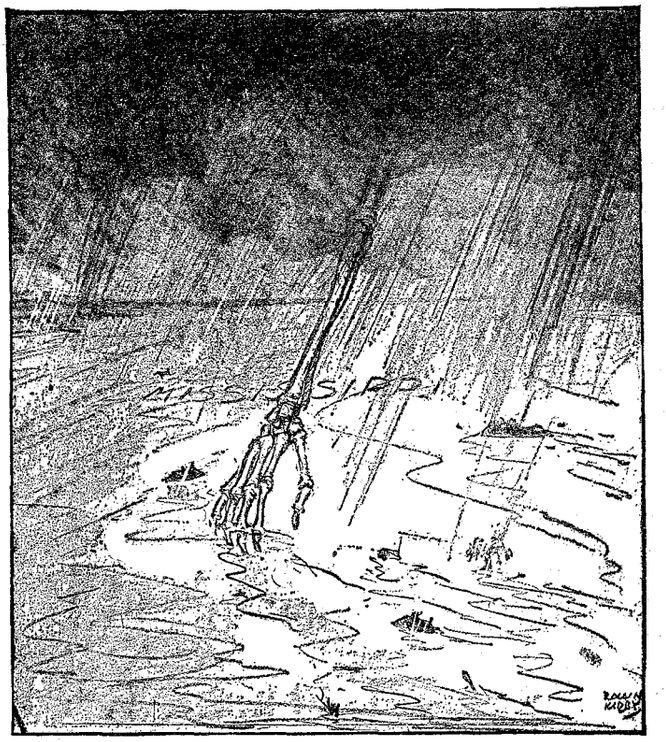
Relieve the flood sufferers, but the cure lies at the other end

From Barrington Moore, New York, N. Y.

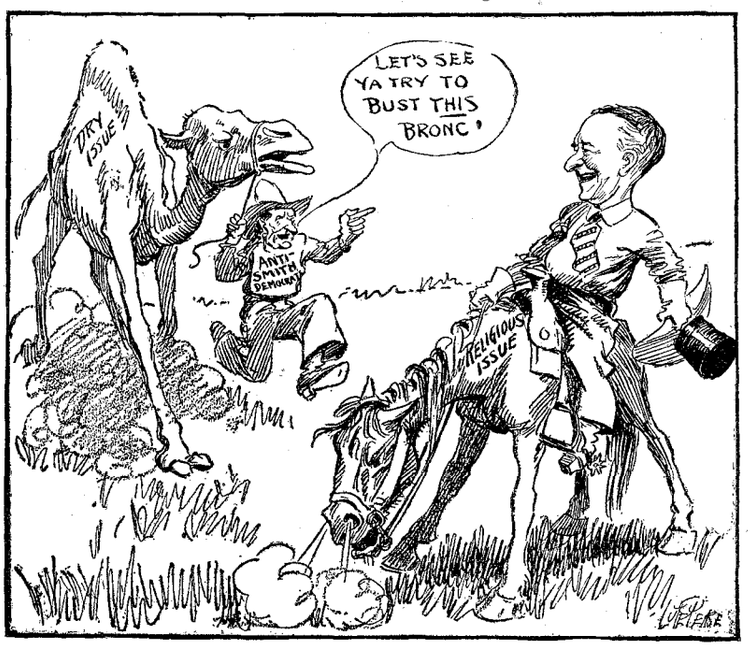
Kirby in the Evanston (Illinois) News Index



Father of Waters

From Virginia Roundy, Laconia, N. H.

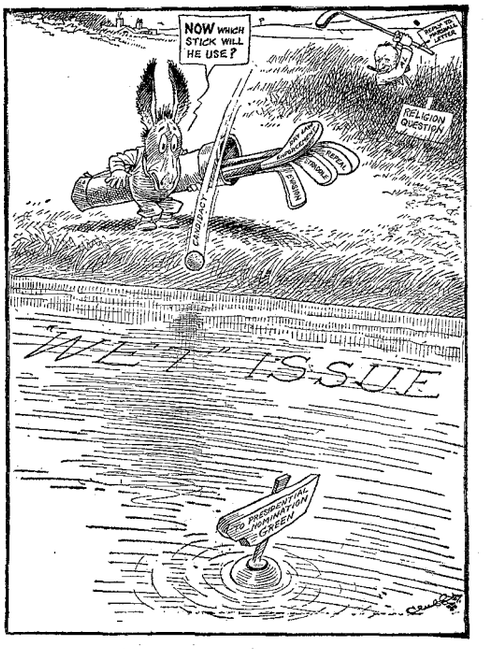
Pease in the Newark Evening News



Trotting out a hard one

From Mrs. H. A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

Clubb in the Rochester Times-Union



Out of the "rough," but—

From W. C. Davis, Rochester, N. Y.

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statement and have said, rather, that man and ape descended from a common stem. The natural answer to this is that this common stem was itself an ape, and in support of that is the fossil evidence indicating that this ape was closely similar to his ape descendant of to-day. There is no such difference of opinion as to the fact that such a discussion would indicate. It is partly, if not largely, a difference about what the word "ape" means. Professor G. Elliot Smith, the noted British anatomist-anthropologist, and others equally uncompromising, especially Dr. William K. Gregory, of the American Museum of Natural History, have long refused to qualify the word "ape" in any way. By quoting him out of context some have even managed to convince themselves that Darwin was not equally explicit. Darwin too said ape.

Now the question that Professor Osborn raises is much more profound than one of names or words. But even his view does not in the least question the truth of evolution. In spite of a widespread belief to the contrary, "evolution," "Darwinism," and "ape ancestry" are not synonymous terms. Professor Osborn now argues that man, instead of splitting off from the ape branch of the tree in the middle part of the Tertiary Period was a separate offshoot from the main trunk at the beginning of the Tertiary Period. This puts man far back in the category with the nine great orders of mammals, such as the carnivores, the hoofed mammals, the bats, the rodents, etc. Professor Osborn's chief reason for this change of view is that man's structural evolution has proceeded at a rate that is about the same as that of these other groups, since they all arose from a common source, millions of years ago. He also hopes for the discovery in Asia of fossil evidence to back his belief.

Dr. Gregory, who received by far the greater applause from the scientists at Philadelphia, asserts that the rate of structural evolution has been decidedly unequal in all mammal groups, while the similarities between man and the apes, living and ancestral, are much too striking to permit any other interpretation than that of immediate kinship. We shall hear much more of this debate from now on.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case and Public Opinion

PUBLIC discussion of the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, now under sentence of death, continues. It is increasingly evident that there is a widespread belief that there has not been such a judicial review of the evidence and court proceedings, as would have been obtainable in some other States and in Great Britain, and that the Governor of Massachusetts should therefore either institute or personally carry on a review before exercising his official function whether by commuting or pardoning the condemned or by letting their sentence stand.

It is true that Dean Wigmore, of the Northwestern Law School, has argued that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts did in fact consider the trial evidence as well as the legal points, but the Supreme Court said, "Only errors of law are before us." The statement is made editorially in the New York "World" that among those who believe that Governor Fuller should intervene are Bishop Lawrence, John Hays Hammond, Bliss Perry, Frank W. Taussig, Dr. Richard Cabot, Morton Prince, Francis B. Sayre, Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School, and Dean Hutchins of the Yale Law School.

Meanwhile a second reprieve has been granted to Celestine Madeiros, now under sentence for murder, because his confession that he was concerned in the murder for which Sacco and Vanzetti were condemned must be considered in any review of the case. It is said with some force that a confession made by a convicted murderer of a crime other than that for which he was convicted is not the best of evidence, for his motive may be to secure delay. On the other hand, the crime at South Braintree had the appearance of a bandit-gang murder rather than the work of Socialists, one a fish peddler, the other a shoemaker, and Madeiros was a member of such a gang.

Can Wet Be Dry?

HOW can Alfred E. Smith be any sort of candidate for the Presidency except a wet candidate?

That question is raised by the statement of Senator Carter Glass, in the "Review of Reviews," that Governor Smith can carry the South, but not as a wet. The fact is that Governor Smith is a wet, and no statement that he can make, no plank that can be written into the Democratic platform, can render him otherwise than wet. His record on that point is made.

Senator Glass, while declaring that he does not favor Smith's nomination, says: "Should Governor Smith be nominated as an exponent of the view that the Eighteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution should be amended or molested, or that the Volstead Act should be superseded by legislation which would, textually, render the Eighteenth Amendment ineffective, he would, in my judgment, be badly beaten in Virginia and in the South and in the country."

But what Senator Glass does not say is nevertheless also true: If Governor Smith should be nominated without any modification plank, even with a plank demanding strict enforcement of the law as it is, he would still be a wet, and would be so regarded by the South and the country. Certainly, he would be so regarded by the wets themselves.

Can the Two-Thirds Rule Be Abolished?

THE probability that Governor Smith will be the Democratic nominee appears, for the moment, to increase. All of the discussion concerning him indicates that, just now, he bulks larger than any other contender.

The movement to abolish the two-thirds rule in the Democratic National Convention (which requires a two-thirds vote to nominate a candidate) may be working to Governor Smith's advantage. Some of the outstanding leaders of the McAdoo forces have thoroughly committed themselves to the abolition of this rule; and the Smith forces, having taken up the movement for its abolition, have begun to profit by the work done by the McAdoo forces.

George W. Olvany, leader of Tammany Hall, was recently quoted in the newspapers as saying that "New York Democrats will be found fighting" against the two-thirds rule. He was quoted also as saying that the unit rule should be abolished at the same time. Possibly this will furnish an excuse for the McAdoo forces to support the two-thirds rule.

On the same day that Mr. Olvany declared for abolition of the two-thirds rule Clem L. Shaver, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, declared for its retention. Since Mr. Shaver belongs to that middle-of-the-road group of the party which in 1924 prevented the nomination of either Smith or McAdoo, it is quite possible that even if the McAdoo and Smith forces should agree in favor of a change in the rule, the rule will be retained.

Wheeler and Stayton

ROY A. HAYNES, Acting Commissioner of Prohibition, is lucky. His luck has manifested itself many times since he became the head of the Prohibition Unit at the beginning of the Harding Administration. It manifests itself most strongly now in the attack on him by William H. Stayton, Chairman of the National Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

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It may be true, as Mr. Stayton charges, that Wayne B. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, was four times able to hold Haynes in his place when he was slated for removal. It may even be true, as Mr. Stayton charges, that Mr. Wheeler four times prevented Treasury officials from doing "what they evidently conceived to be their duty." There are indications, aside from Mr. Stayton's statement, that this is true.

But, as between the head of the Anti-saloon League and the head of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment as dictator of Government policy, public sentiment is not likely to swing toward the latter. Mr. Wheeler may succeed in what Mr. Stayton says is his fifth attempt to keep Haynes in office just because Mr. Stayton is trying to remove him from office. Opposition to the policy of "keeping prohibition in the hands of its friends" does not indicate a willingness to place it in the hands of its avowed enemies.

M. Briand's Suggestion to Outlaw War

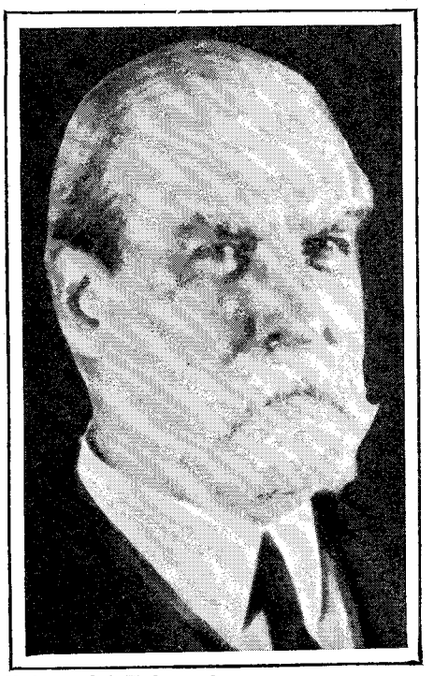
DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has performed a very real service in calling attention to a proposal somewhat concealed in M. Briand's message to the American people on the occasion of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of our entry into the World War. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs declared that his country would be willing to subscribe publicly with the United States to any mutual agreement tending to outlaw war between the two countries.

The full significance of what Dr. Butler characterizes as an "extraordinarily important message" has certainly escaped public attention. But, addressed as it is not to the Government but to the people of the United States, M. Briand's suggestion deserves a most cordial reception as a move to solidify the friendly relations between France and the United States and the most serious consideration as a proposal toward this end. Whatever may be the merits of a definite engagement to outlaw war, we cannot afford to allow to pass almost unnoticed a suggestion which has as its basis the sincere desire of a European statesman "to broaden and strengthen the foundations on which the international policy of peace is being erected."

As Dr. Butler points out in the letter to the New York "Times" of April 25, in which he asks how long M. Briand is to be kept waiting for an answer, this proposal represents a definite policy of the French Government; for no Foreign Minister would make such a statement without the full concurrence of his governmental colleagues. The fact that it is in the form of an open message should not lead our Government to ignore it. In a day when the right of a people to determine for themselves questions of war and peace is being more and more affirmed, it should serve rather as a challenge to the moral forces of this country.

Shifting the Scenes at Geneva

DISARMAMENT appears to be as difficult now as it was before the World War. That is the lesson which



Underwood & Underwood

Charles Evans Hughes

the sessions of the Preparatory Commission for a conference on limitation of armaments at Geneva have demonstrated afresh to the nations. The delegates had to disband after the formulation of a tentative draft for a disarmament convention, on which they themselves could not agree. It will be referred to their Governments, and then will come up again for consideration at Geneva in November, when the Preparatory Commission is to reconvene.

Two things which these preliminary discussions have shown clearly and with emphasis are: first, that the United States will not accept any form of international supervision of its armaments; and, second, that Great Britain and France are as far apart as ever in opinion regarding the limitation of submarines. These two factors alone may be enough to block an accord. With Italy also standing out and refusing to accede to any restriction of the fighting strength that her Government considers essential to her security, the outlook is even more dubious.

The situation holds possibilities of trouble, because Germany has indicated that she regards the provisions of the Versailles Treaty for reduction of armaments as an essential part of the peace agreements and of the structure of the League of Nations. Failing to secure results which she considers satisfactory, she may start a new drive against the treaty arrangements themselves.

An offset to these disillusionments is the gathering of the Economic Conference at Geneva. A distinguished delegation from the United States is to attend its sessions, which will deal with the basic difficulties between nations that have to do with tariffs and other trade regulations, shipping, and access to sources of raw materials. Conflicts of interest over these fundamental matters are much more potent causes of war than the armaments with which wars are fought. Agreements regarding economic disputes are likely to open the way for agreements regarding armaments.

It is significant that Soviet Russia is sending expert representatives to the Economic Conference. Germany, acting as intermediary between Russia and Switzerland, succeeded recently in bringing about a settlement of a controversy between them which had caused Russia to refuse to take part in meetings at Geneva. This controversy arose out of the killing of M. Vorovsky, the Soviet Envoy in Switzerland, and the refusal of the Swiss Government to make apologies or pay an indemnity. Through conferences in Berlin, these differences were composed and it was arranged that Switzerland should pay an indemnity to the family of Vorovsky. The Soviet Government followed by appointing delegates to the Economic Conference.

Thus, through the influence of Germany, Russia is brought into a gathering under the auspices of the League of Nations and the United States finds itself participating for the first time since the war in an international conference which includes the whole of Europe.

Mr. Hughes on the Limitation of Warfare

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, former Secretary of State, has coined a memorable phrase:

"Cynicism, the corrupting luxury of cultivated minds."

What would happen if the "American Mercury" should put that at its masthead, if the publishers of Sinclair Lewis's novels should use it as a running title, and if all undergraduates eager to be known as sophisticated should learn it by heart?

That phrase is the key to Mr. Hughes's speech, in which it appeared,

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delivered at Washington on April 28 as his annual address as President of the American Society of International Law.

He devoted that speech to a discussion of the limitation of armaments and of methods of warfare. There are some who, quite rightly wishing to avoid illusions, think that war is necessarily brutal and, being of the nature of a last resort, might as well be allowed to become as brutal as possible. There are others who, because of their very idealism, think that the best way to abolish war is to make it too horrible for human beings to endure. Mr. Hughes accepts neither the view of the cynics nor the view of those whom he calls "moonmen."

Taking counsel neither of despair nor of unrestrained fancy, but of common sense, Mr. Hughes believes in making gains wherever chances for gains in limiting warfare appear. In his speech he discusses specific measures of advance. Better, however, than his speech is his record. It was because he aimed at what was practicable, within reach, and sufficiently limited in scope to be within the focus of public opinion that he succeeded in securing the notable results of the Armament Conference at Washington. By his achievement then even more than by his words Mr. Hughes has pointed the way to progress toward the reduction and ultimate abolition of the evils of war.

Why Break China?

UNCLE SAM is having to stand a good deal of harsh criticism—not only from other countries, but from his own people in China—for refusing to intervene in the Chinese civil war. Other Powers, Great Britain in particular, would like to see punitive measures applied to the radical Nationalist administration at Hankow as a consequence of the recent attacks on foreigners at Nanking. The Powers have not been satisfied with the reply from Hankow to their demands for apologies and guaranties of safety for foreign residents; and there has been talk of an ultimatum and a blockade of the Yangtze River in order to cut South China off from North China.

Not only members of the American Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai, but some missionaries, and finally even the American Minister, John Van Antwerp MacMurray, at Peking, have joined in advocating punitive measures. But so far the Department of State—while denying reports that Mr. MacMurray would be recalled—has consistently refused to accede to any plan of united action against the Nationalists or to interfere in Chinese affairs. "Indecisive"—"ignorant"—"stupid"—"indifferent to the rights of its own citizens"—"traitor to the interests of the white race"—these are some of the epithets being hurled at the United States in consequence.

Temper is rarely a proof of being right. The best of the argument still seems to rest with Washington. What has happened and is happening in China is far from clear. Even the incidents at Nanking have not been made entirely certain. It appears, for instance, that the shooting of Dr. Williams, the Vice-President of Nanking College, may have been accidental and not intentional. That remains to be proved. But, while requiring armed protection for our citizens in China, the situation would still more need to be proved to call for intervention.

General Chiang Kai-shek, the leader of the moderate wing of the Nationalists, is pursuing a campaign against the radicals in the endeavor to eliminate them. If he can succeed, it is far better to reach a solution of the Chinese crisis gradually by Chinese means than to smash into it from the outside.

To break China up into two or more parts, as has been suggested, would mean immediately assuming some obligation to keep order and establish government in them. Where that would lead no one can tell. The Administration at Washington has chosen the better part of wisdom in keeping cool, doing whatever is essential to protect Americans and their just interests, and avoiding new responsibilities and entanglements in the Far East.

Tories and Trade-Unionists at War

A SCHEME to stop large-scale strikes in Great Britain has been put forward in Parliament by the Conservative Cabinet of Prime Minister Baldwin. It grows out of the general strike of last year, which was called in sympathy with the coal miners. As such, it might be expected to command considerable support from public opinion. But its terms have aroused opposition, not only in the ranks of the Labor Party, but also among some Conservative followers themselves.

"Wasters!" "Blackguards!" "Rotters!" "Thieves!" "Liars!" were some of the names yelled at the Conservative Ministers when debate on the bill was opened in the House of Commons by members of "his Majesty's Opposition." Many of the Labor members are picturesquely free and untrammeled by the traditional proprieties inculcated by the "Mother of Parliaments." Their training under her tutelage has been too short; and this is not the first time that some of them have had to be sent out by the Speaker in disgrace. Their feelings on this occasion are explained by the provisions of the bill.

Briefly, the bill as proposed would not only prohibit general strikes, but would debar also all sympathetic strikes. In addition, it would attack the present system of collecting union dues from the wages of union members by requiring the specific written agreement of the individual member in each case. These two measures alone would be enough to rouse organized labor in Great Britain to a pitch of excitement. But there is the further fact that the Government makes no suggestion of a ban on sympathetic lockouts of workers by employers. The London "Spectator" has offered the explanation that lockouts are hard to define legally. Apologists for the Cabinet have also stated that the omission is because such concerted action by employers is something that does not occur. But this statement has—not surprisingly—failed to carry conviction to the Labor benches in Parliament and to the union organizations, and has even been treated as a lame excuse by some of the Conservatives.

The outcome of the quarrel cannot yet be foreseen, for the bill may be modified. But it may provide a new occasion for joint action by the Labor Party and the depleted ranks of the Liberals led by Lloyd George.

Conciliation in Mexico and Nicaragua

RELATIONS with our Latin-American neighbors immediately to the south seem to be entering upon a better phase. Disputes with the Mexican Government over the application of the new land and petroleum laws to the interests of citizens of the United States and the despatch of war-ships and marines to Nicaragua to protect foreign residents and property in the civil war there have made the past few months stormy and troubled. The assignment of Henry L. Stimson, formerly Secretary of War, as the President's representative in Nicaragua and President Coolidge's recent speech on foreign policy have considerably cleared the air.

President Calles, of Mexico, has welcomed President Coolidge's pronouncements regarding the controversy between the two Governments. His message to Washington and the reply to it have indicated that there is a new prospect of adjustment of the outstanding differences by direct negotiation. This is unquestionably the best method, if it is practicable. In case it does not work,

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President Coolidge's speech has left the way open for arbitration. Should the interchanges between the Governments lead to no result, the United States might now properly invite Mexico to formulate the points at issue in terms of a question which she would be willing to submit to the judgment of the Court of Arbitration or to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague.

The principle of direct negotiation holds out hopes of working successfully in Nicaragua also. Mr. Stimson has been reported in touch with Dr. Sacasa, the leader of the Liberal rebellion against the Conservative administration of President Diaz. While supporting Diaz, whom the United States has recognized, the Administration at Washington is consequently trying to arrange terms of peace with his antagonists. The mission of Mr. Stimson may lead to a truce, and to new elections supervised by the United States, as in 1925. If so, it should prove a long step both toward the preservation of order in Central America and toward the recovery in all South America of confidence in the intentions of the United States.

Friendship and Sugar

As between friends, nations as well as individuals, good will is expected to manifest itself in beneficial acts. Some such thought, doubtless, is in the mind of President Machado, of Cuba. He came to the United States to tell us how highly Cubans think of Americans, but he will shortly ask that the United States manifest its friendship for Cuba in a few definite ways.

Indeed, he and his predecessors have been asking for several years past that one of these things be done. It is the repeal of that clause of an act of 1866 which prohibits the importation of cigars and cigarettes in quantities less than 3,000. That practically precluded the sending of cigars and cigarettes by mail from Cuba to the United States. Repeal has been promised, it is said, many times, but Congress always has failed to act. A determined effort was made to get the bill through at the last session, but it was strangled to death at the end.

Cuba has an easy means of retaliation, which, if used, would, as The Outlook pointed out some time ago, seriously affect American exports to Cuba. All of our parcels post shipments to Cuba, and they are large, are permitted under a mail treaty—made in 1903—in which, it is claimed, we agreed to the repeal of the act of 1866. That treaty has expired, but Cuba has continued it under a temporary convention since 1926. If Cuba cancels that convention, any parcels that go to Cuba must pay postage at letter rates.

The one other commodity sent from Cuba to the United States in large quantities is sugar. Under our present tariff law, Cuban sugar has a differential of twenty per cent. Cuba wants this differential raised to forty per cent. The twenty per cent differential is guaranteed by the treaty of 1903; there is no treaty provision for a higher one.

Underwood & Underwood

President Machado, of Cuba

Here, too, Cuba has a retaliatory weapon. Cuba is bound by the treaty to give to the United States preferential tariff rates ranging from ten to thirty per cent, but she can set her rates as high as she pleases. A new tariff law already has been formulated, but not promulgated. It is held in abeyance, for use if necessary. The new schedules are, to use one of our own favorite terms, highly "protective."

Cuba's demand for a more favorable differential on sugar is certain to meet even stronger resistance than has the demand for repeal of the cigar and cigarette item of the act of 1866. If American cigar manufacturers are opposed to any action that would let in more Cuban cigars, American sugar producers, both the cane producers of Louisiana and the beet growers of the West, are much more strongly opposed to any action that would give Cuban sugar a larger preferential. They have even sought means, for several years, of getting rid of the twenty per cent arrangement.

America's Hwangho

WHAT has happened along the Mississippi this spring is not an isolated disaster. It has happened in varying degrees before. It will happen, perhaps on a larger scale, in the future. Again and again the waters of the Mississippi have flooded farm lands, inundated towns and cities, swept away houses, ruined crops, and left behind the crests of their floods hunger, disease, poverty. If, as has been surmised, they will have done this year more damage than ever before, it is because they are becoming a greater menace year by year, decade by decade, century by century. What, then, of the future?

Is there a crystal into which we Americans of the twentieth century can gaze and see what the Mississippi is threatening to do for us in coming years, and for our sons and daughters, and for their children and their children's children? If there is, would it not be well to look into it and see what we have to guard against? Would it not be well for us to-day, if we can be admonished by any form of television revealing the future, to begin now to take those precautions that will minimize the peril, or even turn disaster into benefit?

There is such a crystal. Its name is China. Looking into it, we can foresee the distant future of the Mississippi in the wriggling, lashing fury of the Yellow River, China's Sorrow, the Hwangho.

For at least three thousand years, perhaps for many hundred years more, the Chinese have been doing along the Hwangho what we Americans have started to do along the Mississippi. They have cut down the forests along this upper region. For uncounted centuries they have left the mountains among which the tributaries of the Hwangho take their rise denuded of trees. They have become accustomed to the inevitable consequence of this deforestation. When the rains come, the Chinese accept as a work of nature the washing away of the soil. There are no trees or shrubs to hold with their roots the soil in place. Every downpour turns rills into gullies. The bare faces of the mountain are wrinkled and seamed and creased. And the rains carry the soil down suspended in the water. There is nothing to hold back the waters in their rush. The deforestation of these hills has thus a double effect: it increases the flood of water and increases the erosion of the soil.

So long as the run-off of the waters is swift, so long the particles of soil are kept in suspension. Stirred up by the

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swirling, eddying streams, they are carried along. But when the river reaches the alluvial plain, the flow of the river is retarded and the particles of soil begin to settle. Little by little the muddied river deposits the silt on its bed. Even if the hills had not been denuded of trees, the river would have carried some of the soil down to the plains, as it did in prehistoric ages; but deforestation has greatly hastened the process of building up the river's bed. Gradually year by year the river becomes shallower and broader until it finds a new channel. It is possible to trace courses of the Yellow River which have existed at one time or another with outlets as far north as Tientsin and as far south as at or near Shanghai.

To stop the river from meandering, to overcome the consequences of their reckless destruction of their forests the Chinese have from time immemorial been building dikes. As the river bed has risen they have built their dikes higher. They did not foresee, or if they foresaw they did not care, what would happen. As human life is measured, the process of confining the river has been a slow one. John R. Freeman, the famous American hydraulic engineer, has estimated the rate of elevation of the beds of the Yellow River as "hardly more than one foot in a hundred years." But as hundreds of years have run into thousands, the bed of the Yellow River is now in some places as much as twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country. The river, instead of running in a channel, thus runs on a ridge.

What happens when the Yellow River bursts through its dikes appals the imagination. No man can conceive the terror, the suffering, the desolation. In his book "China: Land of Famine," published by the American Geographical Society, New York, 1926, Walter H. Mallory, who at the time of writing the book was Secretary of the China International Famine Relief Commission, gives some account, sober, unadorned by rhetoric, but clear, explicit, authentic, of the floods in China as a contributing cause of famine. To that book we refer our readers. In it they will find much more about China than its floods. They will get from it a background for what is happening in China to-day. But they will also get, what is of more concern to them, a foresight of what may happen in America in the future.

We have begun by imitating the Chinese. Of course, we have not gone so far as they. We have checked, but not stopped our practice of destroying forests. But we are building levees along the Mississippi with the same disregard of the future that the Chinese have shown in building their dikes along the Hwangho.

We have let the floods come, and then we have futilely tried to control them.

Is there no better way?

Now is the time for America to take counsel of her wisest and most farseeing.

Relieve the distress now. Repair the damage as soon as possible. Set up whatever bulwarks are necessary against the perils of the near future. But that will not be enough if Americans do not wish their Mississippi to become another Yellow River, their country to become another China, and their children's children to become as fatalistic and as helpless as the Chinese.

Rhubarb Pie

RHUBARB pie is the true harbinger of spring. It is the first product of the soil to come into being. It refreshes the palate and tones up the blood. In the New England dietary it rivals the pumpkin in popularity and is a tonic equaled by few and excelled by none.

Rhubarb sauce is a good second. The acid of the pie-plant, as old folks call it, is pleasant to the taste and fruity in flavor. Rhubarb itself is a plant that winters well and expands its broad leaves in defiance of frost. It comes along in its own way and time, regardless of weather conditions. Unsung by poets, it should rank with the trailing arbutus, the snowdrop, and the jonquil in its insistence on coming to life on the edge of snow-banks.

We salute the sturdy plant and call for a second portion of pie, cut at right angles and roofed with a lattice of crust instead of a lid!

Smoking out the President

NO concerted effort to force the President to commit himself on the third-term issue has been undertaken by the men regarded as the President's chief rivals for the Republican nomination.

That The Outlook can state on the best of authority.

On April 19 the "Courier-Journal" of Louisville, Kentucky, printed a despatch from its Washington bureau in which appeared the following sentences:

> A considerable group within the Republican party is contemplating with some delectation the scheme of quizzing Mr. Coolidge on the third-term question.
>
> In this group are followers of Vice-President Dawes, former Governor Lowden, Senator Borah, Senator Moses of New Hampshire, and Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.

No such scheme as described in this despatch to the "Courier-Journal" could be undertaken on behalf of these distinguished men without their knowledge. Of course, ordinary politicians have recourse to the third-term tradition whenever circumstances permit it to be used as a diversion from real issues; but these men are not ordinary politicians. If, therefore, they had any such plan in view, it was certain that any letter presented to the President on their behalf would be of great importance. The Outlook offered its columns to them in a telegram addressed by the Editor-in-Chief to each of them except the Vice-President. The Outlook's telegram was as follows:

> The Louisville "Courier-Journal" states that some of your supporters combined with supporters of [here were specified the names of the three others to whom the telegram was addressed] are planning to address an open letter to the President asking him to state his position on accepting a third term. If such a letter is written, we suggest the appropriateness of publishing it in The Outlook, where all conditions as to release dates can be carefully guarded. The Outlook's National distribution and its reputation for forthright discussion of National affairs will furnish the best possible background for such a letter. Our columns are open for such a letter at any time upon two weeks' notice. Will appreciate a reply telling us how we can co-operate with your supporters.
>
> ERNEST H. ABBOTT.

The following replies establish beyond dispute the fact that if any such scheme has been contemplated it is not to be taken seriously, as it is without the knowledge of those chiefly concerned. In order that there may be no misunderstanding, it should be said that the Louisville "Courier-Journal's" despatch appeared some days before any announcement was made of the open letter on the subject which is about to be published in the "Forum" and which has obviously no connection with the plan described in that despatch. The letter in the "Forum" is written by a newspaper man, and, however interesting of itself, did not purport to come from men whose prospects for the nomination depended on the President's decision. It is one thing for the President to ignore an unauthorized query as he physically must ignore most of the multitude of letters that are addressed to him; it would be quite another thing for him to ignore the joint letter of Vice-President

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Dawes, Senator Borah, Governor Lowden, Senator Moses, and Dr. Butler. It is plain that no such joint letter has been contemplated. To this the following communications, the first a telegram, the other two letters, testify:

Oregon, Ill.

Ernest H. Abbott,
Editor-in-Chief The Outlook,
120 East 16 St., New York, N. Y.

Your telegram April twenty-second just received. Had not seen article in Louisville "Courier-Journal" nor heard of proposed open letter. If such a letter should be written, it would be without suggestion from me. I therefore am unable to be of any service to you in matter.

FRANK O. LOWDEN.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
Broadway at 116 Street
New York City

April 25, 1927.

Ernest H. Abbott, Esq.,
Editor-in-Chief, The Outlook,
120 East 16th Street,
New York City.
Dear Mr. Abbott:

In reply to your night letter of the 22d, which was duly received, I can only say that I have never heard of any such proposal as you describe upon the authority of the Louisville "Courier-Journal." I should think it most unlikely that any such project was contemplated by any one.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

UNITED STATES SENATE
Committee on Foreign Relations

April 28, 1927.

Ernest H. Abbott,
Editor-in-Chief, The Outlook,
120 East 16th Street,
New York City.
My dear Mr. Abbott:

I received your telegram a day or two since relative to the news item appearing in the Louisville "Courier-Journal" about the open letter to the President on the third term.

I do not know from what source this news item was gathered, but I know nothing of any such plan. I have no such plan in view, so it was a mistake as to myself at least. I would agree with you, however, if such a letter was going to be printed that no better journal could be had than your own in which to print it.

Very sincerely,
(Signed) WM. E. BORAH.

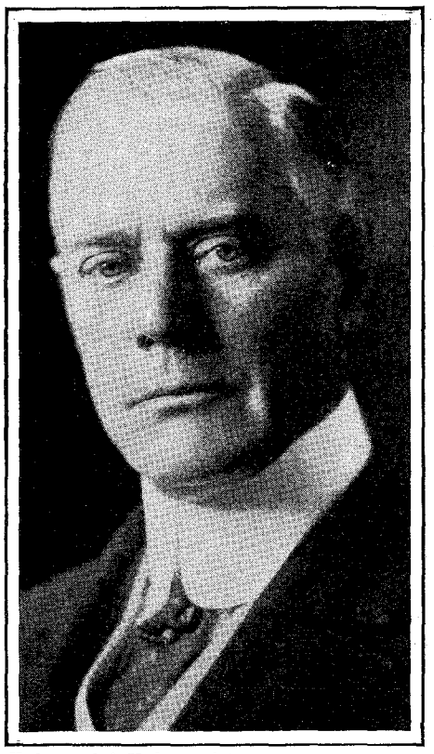
No reply has come from Senator Moses. That fact is clearly without significance. No man can write a joint letter all by himself. Senator Moses's reply may come in due time.

Senator Beveridge

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

"TELL me what kind of books a man reads," it has been said, "and I will tell you what kind of man he is." With equal truth one might say, "Tell me the kind of books a man writes, and I will give you a fair judgment of his character." Literature is the best measure of the tendency of an age, the genius of a people, or the tastes and personality of an individual. "Elmer Gantry" for instance, is a more shocking exposure of Sinclair Lewis than of the Baptist Church. "The art of writing," Emerson asserted, "is the highest of those permitted to man as drawing directly from the soul, and the means or material it uses are also of the soul;" it is "the necessity by which each writer, an infirm, capricious, fragmentary soul, is made to utter his part in the chorus of humanity."



Underwood & Underwood

Albert J. Beveridge, ex-Senator of the United States and biographer of Chief Justice Marshall

1862 – 1927

The universal recognition of this critical standard, which has been insisted upon by philosophers from the days of Plato and Aristotle to the days of William James, appears in a striking fashion in the comments on the career and achievements of the late Senator Beveridge. I do not recall any man of our time who has been so instinctively judged by the literary test or who has so dramatically obtained a literary immortality.

Every man either openly or secretly desires to be remembered after death. In this sense every man is a believer in a kind of immortality. He may seek it through military glory, or athletic prowess, or political power, or the distinction of public office, or great riches, or social leadership, or even startling crime—but he seeks it. There is a readable passage in Boswell's "Johnson" in which this prevailing idea of immortality is alluded to:

> *Johnson.* "The belief of immortality is impressed upon all men, and all men act under an impression of it, however they may talk, and though, perhaps, they may be scarcely sensible of it." I said, it appeared to me that some people had not the least notion of immortality; and I mentioned a distinguished gentleman of our acquaintance.
>
> *Johnson.* "Sir, if it were not for the notion of immortality, he would cut a throat to fill his pockets." When I quoted this to Beauclerk, who knew much more of the gentleman than we did, he said in his acid manner, "He would cut a throat to fill his pockets, if it were not for the fear of being hanged."

However skeptical he may be about celestial immortality, every man believes in terrestrial immortality, or, in other words, the persistence of reputation after death. But it is singular how few men recognize the fact that the surest avenue to life on earth after death is literature, and the still more somber truth that his memory may be enshrined in a literary paradise or a literary Hades.

There is yet another law of literary immortality to be borne in mind; there is a kind of saving grace about it; it cannot be obtained by professionalism or cant or hypocrisy; for it is as true in literature as in theology that "he who loseth his life shall find it." These truths are curiously illustrated in the case of Senator Beveridge.

Albert Jeremiah Beveridge was born on a farm in Ohio in 1862. He says of himself that in his boyhood he "led a life of privations; was a plowboy at twelve; a railroad laborer at fourteen; and a logger and teamster at fifteen." But, somehow or other, he succeeded in

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getting through high school and college, and, after working as managing clerk in a law office, was admitted to the bar. Politically ambitious and possessing oratorical gifts of a somewhat over-rhetorical type, he was elected to the United States Senate from Indiana at the early age of thirty-seven, and served two terms in that body of six years each. Here, in spite of antagonisms created by his youthful and too assertive self-confidence, he made his mark. He contributed two literary phrases to the struggle against special privilege, which was one of the outstanding features of the Presidential career of Theodore Roosevelt, with whom Beveridge was in political sympathy. These two phrases are "pass prosperity around" and "the invisible government." He followed Roosevelt into the Progressive Party. This ended his political career not ingloriously; but it also put an end to his doubtless deep-seated political ambitions. It must have been a bitter disappointment, for he had undoubtedly chosen statesmanship as his path to glory, and there are those who believe that at one time he regarded his star of destiny as the star of Abraham Lincoln. If he had died in the Senate or in any other public office, he would in time have been forgotten; but as the author of a noble work of historical biography he is assured of an imperishable monument. Thus he lost his life to save it.

One fine thing can be said of Beveridge. He did not brood, he did not sulk, he did not resent. Defeated in politics, he turned to literature as the medium of making his contribution to the civic progress of his country. His "Life of John Marshall" is the result—monumental in its labor and scope, although vital and sparkling in its style and human interest. At his death he was engaged in a similar study of Lincoln. It is an irreparable loss that he could not have completed it, for he said, not long before his death, to a friend of mine, that he thought he had discovered some new light, in spite of all the research of others, on the traits and qualities and sources of power in the Great Emancipator.

The last time I saw Senator Beveridge was at a dinner in New York, about a year ago, which inaugurated the drive for a million-dollar endowment fund for the American Historical Association. He made a fervent and effective speech in support of his contention—a sound one, I believe—that there can be no judicious, efficacious, or permanently successful statesmanship which is not based on a true and broad knowledge of history. This requires research, and research requires money. A knowledge of history, he urged, ameliorates bigoted and dangerous partisanship which often makes the legislator his own worst enemy. Historical perspective disarms fanaticism, which is the mother of war. After the dinner I had a little chat with him in which I expressed my appreciation of his "Marshall"—as I had on several other occasions—but added that subsequent reading, and especially a visit to the University of Virginia, had modified my opinion of Jefferson, and that I regarded the author of the Declaration of Independence as a greater statesman and patriot than my previous prejudices had permitted me to think him or than he appears to be in the "Life of Marshall."

"I, too, have modified my views," he replied, "and if I were rewriting the 'Life of Marshall' to-day I should not be quite so positive in my criticisms of Jefferson."

Does not that frank admission finely indicate the power which the spirit of literature has over the spirit of prejudice? For Beveridge was naturally a man of intensity of feeling and in his early days a partisan of the strictest sect. He had discovered, what all thinking men sooner or later discover, that one may be loyal to his convictions and yet tolerant in his judgment of his opponents.

With Flowers Omitted[1]

A Virginia Farmer Counsels a Friend

By SYDNEY T. FRISSELL

Haytoka, Virginia,
March 3, 1927.

DEAR SANDY: You have worked my feeble brain overtime. Jane says my mind has not known what my hands were doing since your letter came—meaning, no doubt, that I have upset everything I've touched.

I'll confess that I've carried your problem to bed with me, slept on it, waked with it, even taken it to the fields hunting with me and blamed it for my coming home without game. When I sought advice from the neighbors and told them what you were hoping to find, they shook their heads and said, "That Yankee friend of yours must be looking for heaven."

It warmed my heart to hear from you after all the years, and I cannot tell you how much I want you and your family in the South and near us. Badly as I want you for a neighbor, however, I shall avoid the besetting Southern sin of preaching a eulogy on our section, which might in the end prove your funeral, so I will "kindly omit flowers."

You write that you must get away from New York on account of your nerves "and the dread of increasingly high blood pressure." Why, man, since Florida fainted and fell on the land boom of western North Carolina, since cotton dropped to twelve cents a pound and dark tobacco to seven cents, since all of Virginia has become as gay as Christmas with red apples that are too plentiful to give away, I'll wager that the blood pressure of this old South has jumped up fifty points to the man in the very country that you ask about as your prospective home.

HAD your letter come two years ago, I certainly wouldn't have taken so long to answer, for I was riding high then, in the hope that we had managed to catch step with that old law of supply and demand that you and I took in such heavy doses in our freshman economics.

The main trouble, Sandy, with this farming game down here is not production, but marketing and disposing of the big crops which those to whom we farmers sell are always pleased to call "overproduction." That's the name by which they buy it cheap and sell it high.

Two years ago we thought we had solved it by co-operative marketing after a bad break in prices drove the farmers to pool their crops and attempt to feed the supply—large or small—so as to meet the world demand. It worked while the farmers stuck together. But scarcely had he lifted the pressure of hard times from his shoulders than the average farmer began backsliding. He could not bear to see his neighbor out-

[1] On page 61 is a group of letters on farm questions which is of special interest in connection with this article.—THE EDITORS.

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A Virginia tobacco auction

side of the pool reaping all the benefits of his organization and getting all of his money at once, while he, the pooler, waited for the slow sales and slower settlements from the pool.

Now again we farmers have relapsed into the habit of letting others take our crops for less than they cost to make, of letting others store them and hold them for the profitable future demand, and of letting others clean up fortunes on our products while we merely tighten our belts and meekly take our losses. So far we have only groped feebly towards the solution. But we must come to it before long. It's too much to hope of the older generation, but there's a new crop of youth coming out of our schools at every crossroad that will see the trail out of the woods and make it a highway.

At any rate, if we do not soon get modern business into our farming, modern business will get us and our farms.

But to come down to brass tacks. You write and ask, "Can I make a fair living by farming and a comfortable and congenial home for Helen and the children?" If we were not just now in the trough of the wave, I should have sent you an unqualified answer of "Yes" to that question days ago.

I believe that we shall reach the crest of the wave again, and hope even more that we shall sail calmer seas with steady following winds, but in the present state of farming you have to take the ups and downs at very frequent intervals.

The only question which I hang on, Sandy, is whether you, who have so successfully kept the swift pace of New York, can stand the storms of adversity and cheerfully shoulder the burdens of debt to which most of us become accustomed in the lean years that follow bad seasons.

Take the present situation in our community, for instance. Two bad years of drought have wiped out the profits of the dairy farmers. These are the men who have kept up the remnants of the fine old places hereabouts and put new life into the lands worn out by generations of slave labor. They are the men who have transformed the broom-straw patches into bright-green fields of alfalfa, after the manner of Ellen Glasgow's heroine in "Barren Ground." They keep up a standard of living in which you would not miss many of your city luxuries, even though you would be obliged to take most of your opera by radio.

The tradition of open-handed hospitality and lavish living still holds among these folks quite irrespective of their financial ups and downs. You and Helen would find no difficulty in making up a good hand at bridge whenever the spirit moved, nor lack for invitations to dinner parties where you would learn that wild turkey is superior to tame and congeniality not wholly confined to city walls.

While these neighbors of ours carry on with gay courage and the conviction that prosperity is just around the corner, they find that milk checks running from $500 to $2,000 a month cannot stem the tide of adversity when hay and corn crops fail. I believe they will win a season of prosperity; but then will loom that ghost which is called "Overproduction."

The tobacco farmers hereabouts have their backs to the wall. A few large planters have succeeded in saving a little over and above the meager living made from tobacco. But under present conditions of tobacco growing they almost inevitably commit the unpardonable sin of Southern farming. That sin consists of following the one-crop system, wearing out your lands and raising too little food for your stock and family in a blind dependence upon Lady Nicotine or King Cotton. The penalty always comes in lowered standards of living or bankruptcy. Except for a few large landholders with a genius for working their tenants, most tobacco farmers of this section are comparative strangers to bathtubs, running water, furnace heat, electric lights, and telephones. They have long ago substituted automobiles for buggies or spring wagons, but have left the other amenities of life strictly alone.

When your optimistic letter came, I was afraid that you had read about the Byrds of Virginia, so I have written you a few facts that you may not think every Virginian can fly to his goal like Dick Byrd, or become rich on apples and travel to the Governor's chair like his brother, Harry. But in all fairness to Virginia's youngest Governor, I must tell you that he was elected by the farmers, who still hold the balance of power in the Old Dominion.

The fact is there is such a love of the land, such a clinging to country life, here in Virginia as you Northerners can scarcely conceive of. Here landownership constituted practically the entire social register for generations, and lawyers, bankers, doctors, and town folk talk farming, most of them clinging to some ancestral acres in the back country, no matter how expensive a luxury they prove.

Your asking about saddle-horses leads me to admit that the last horse of really high spirit that I heard of was one which leaped into the air on the capitol square at Richmond and ran with a recent Virginia Governor through a brass band, throwing him into the bass

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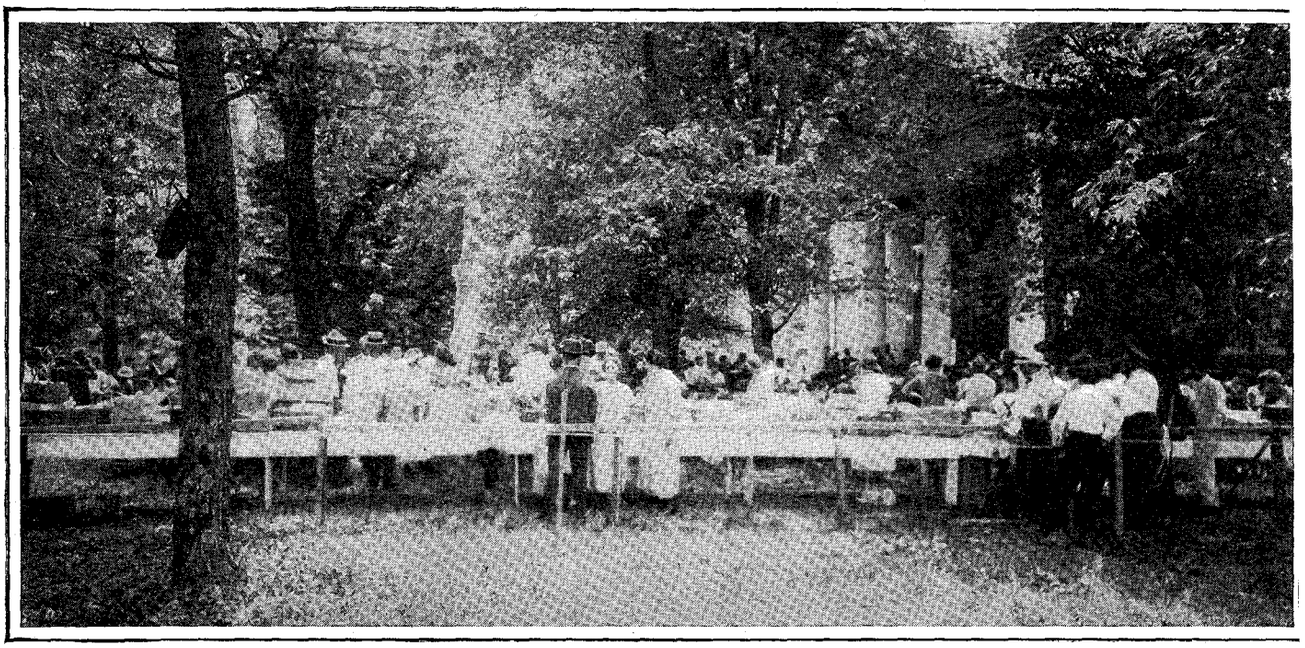

Virginia farmers gathered before a court-house to discuss their marketing troubles

drum and demolishing a few hundred dollars' worth of horns and instruments.

Then, too, we have the gas tax and good roads, not by a hundred million dollars of bonded debt, like the rich and reckless North Carolinians, but by the "pay as you go" method, with which we expect to reach and pass our Tar Heel neighbors during the next decade. Thus we do our duty in mortgaged motor cars by building the roads and getting our money's worth with the gas we buy. A few bitter-enders in every county still ride their mounts around the barbed-wire fences and risk their necks in chasing the red fox, but you need not look hard at those hunters to know that they come of generations that have lived in the saddle.

But to get back to that little item of making a living and the cost of land and labor. Labor, to be of any account here, whether white or black, costs you two dollars a day and *eternal vigilance,* especially *vigilance.* To make it work you must stay everlastingly with it; otherwise, your tobacco is burned, your milk is soured, or your apples are bruised. As for land, it ranges all the way from ten dollars an acre in the backwoods communities to the fabulous prices for the potato lands of the Eastern Shore. There, by the way, is one community of really rich Virginia farmers who had the sense to see twenty years ahead of their time and practice what we must all come to soon —co-operative marketing.

Now is the opportunity of a lifetime to buy land in Virginia. Plantations with hundreds of acres can be yours to-day for less than it would cost you to replace their fine old houses, but there the broom-straw and the young pines have taken possession, and you must come well heeled and ready for a long fight if you hope to win one back.

I can't begin to tell you of all the beauty spots of this section. I expect you know them better than I, for farmers' vacations come so seldom. It is easier to stay home with the cows and pigs than to carry them with you. Although this life on the farm is a great adventure, one sometimes craves a change of scene. At such times we get down Conrad's "Nigger of the Narcissus," ride the high seas and visit strange ports or people.

Jane says that if I would go in with her and raise chickens on a big scale, in five years' time we could have money enough to leave a real trusty in charge and take a trip to Europe. You can't break her faith in chickens or build mine very high. I suppose she'll outdo me at last and I shall spend my old age calling "coo chee, coo chee!" Only this morning I chased a silly hen over the snow with a high wind blowing and she half flying. To be honest, I must admit that hundreds of poultry farmers are making a good living in Virginia.

Jane hates hogs and is not fair to them. Once upon a time—she says twice—I had gone off in the woods with the men to cut barn logs, when eight grown porkers got up good team-work and lifted a ten-foot iron gate off its hinges, then advanced *en masse* upon Jane's flowers and chicken coops. I'll admit that everything was demolished, in spite of the fact that Jane and her maid fought like soldiers with brooms, fishing-poles, and finally with pitch forks. I killed that particular pirate crew long ago, but Jane has never lost her animosity for my good red Durocs which I rate among the most likable and profitable of my farm population.

You have asked me to tell you about the Carolinas as well as Virginia, because of my sojourns South, but I fear that I have already ruined your opinion of farming in Virginia, and will ask you to let me tell you of the Tar Heels and Palmetto State in another letter or, better still, when you and Helen keep your promise to come down and visit us.

I feel sure that you would love this country, even though I must warn you that most of us down here would be rated hopelessly old-fashioned. We muster a great majority of Fundamentalists, despite the fact that we constantly practice artificial selection on our seeds and beasts and follow the evolutionary theory in our daily labors, the while we listen Sundays to our preachers denouncing it from the pulpit. I can assure you, however, that we have no specimens like your city-made Babbits. Neither are we exposed each week to the oratory and boisterous wit of your Rotarians and Kiwanians. As for chasing a golf ball in and out of the rough, I consider it a pitiful sport as compared with hunting quail and wild turkey or riding to the hounds.

While there is much that you and Helen might miss from the city, there is positively no law, as yet, to prevent your returning now and then to enjoy the plays and operas and glitter of the town. And you'll find a keener relish

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for them after living "i' the sun" in all seasons.

Great guns, Sandy, it's two o'clock in the morning, almost time for milking! I didn't mean to inflict such an epistle on you, and still it seems as though I have left out half that I should have told you.

All I say is—come down and see us and decide for yourself.

Affectionately,

SYD.

P. S. Jane is perfectly incensed with me for writing such a letter. She says it is enough to discourage anybody; that I haven't told you anything about Virginia life as it really is or even mentioned Lee or Jackson. She says to come down and raise chickens and that she will be your first lieutenant. I earnestly hope that *Helen* likes hogs! Anyhow, come down to us soon, for this life really speaks better for itself than any letter of mine can ever do.

Italy: A Nation at War

By EDWARD CORSI

FOR a country in the throes of a revolution, bloodless as it may be, Italy is remarkably quiet. Life everywhere, in Rome especially, is orderly, peaceful, and rhythmic. Save for an occasional display of Fascist exuberance, violent at times, one would never suspect that the pot is boiling. What is more, there is a semblance of prosperity. The average tourist is apt to be surprised by the luxury all about him. New York's Fifth Avenue has little on the Corso. Stylish women, prosperous-looking men, aristocratic *ritrovi*, expensive shops, and crowded theaters all bespeak a condition of well-being and plenty. Even the familiar beggars are gone.

But, alas! it is all an illusion. Back of this surface show of peace and prosperity—and gayety, if you will—is the grim figure of reality, with its pessimism, its struggle, and its poverty. In Italy, as elsewhere in war-beaten Europe, there is deception in appearances. All that glitters is not gold, nor even silver. The luxury of the Corso, which is, after all, the luxury of the capital, may not be altogether an illusion. There may be some substance back of it. But there are alleys and side-streets and countrysides in Italy, and these are what count when reckoning with the social and economic conditions of a proletarian nation.

An ox-cart driver of Carrara. He may be facing an economic crisis, but it doesn't seem to worry him much

WE are sitting at the Aragno, my friend and I. We are talking of Italy, of Fascism, of the why and the how of Fascism. Across the street, on the wall of an old building, is a large sign. It reads: "Prefer Italian products!" A truck passes by with more signs: "Prefer Italian products!" Some one a few feet from us is reading "Il Popolo d'Italia," the organ of the Duce. The item that has attracted his attention is an editorial entitled "The Economic Battle." The word "battle" interests me. So do the signs. What are they all about?

"Italy," my friend explains, "is at war. We are fighting for the right to live. The trade balance, that index of a nation's health, is disastrously against us. We have got to reduce the difference. We are doing it in the most direct way possible. We are practically and frankly boycotting the goods of other nations. The workers and consumers of this country are waging war on the workers and consumers of the rest of the world. We are eating black bread. We are cutting down on things that are not absolutely necessary. We are working nine and ten, instead of eight, hours a day. We are fighting battle upon battle: the battle of the lira, the battle for wheat, and now the economic battle. And we are all at the front."

The most admirable thing about Italy at this time is this spirit of battle, this fighting temper on the part of forty million people. The other night, coming out of the theater, where we were treated to an Italianized version of Chaplin's "Gold Rush," we passed the Chigi Palace, which is the Duce's headquarters. It was late. Save for a single lighted window, that historic edifice was shrouded in darkness. "See there," said my friend, pointing to the window, "he is still working. He'll be working after we've gone to sleep."

From the Duce himself, who is at his desk from early morn till late at night, to the humblest *contadino* in the land, the people of Italy are with their shoulders to the wheel, fighting the battle of existence. To appreciate what is going on here in Italy, we have got to bear in mind that Italy's greatest foe is poverty. Poverty is the key to the Italian situation. It explains Fascism. It explains the excesses of Fascism. It explains the Kaiser-like utterances of the Duce. The economic battle is a battle against poverty. Fascism boiled down to its naked essence is the expression of a people's determination to overcome the depressing obstacle of poverty.

CONSIDER, for a moment, how serious is Italy's plight. With the possible exception of Germany, Italy has the

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largest number of people in proportion to territory of any country in Europe. Her excess population averages more than one thousand a day, or a total of about 400,000 a year. Her birth rate is constantly increasing, while the death rate is fast diminishing. In 1900 there were 32,000,000 people in Italy. This number rose to 36,000,000 in 1915, and over 40,000,000 in 1925. In population Italy is the third largest nation on the Continent, larger than France. In territory, on the other hand, she is much smaller. With four times as many people as New York, and one-third as many as the whole of the United States, her land area is only twice that of New York. She is just about the size of Arizona. There are a few Italian colonies in Africa (Libya, Somaliland, and Eritrea), but for practical purposes these colonies are of little value. Indeed, they are a financial burden to the nation.

This difference between population and territory is rendered all the more serious by the lack of natural resources. Italy is practically without coal, iron, steel, cotton, or oil. She has not enough wheat. Just now she is importing much of her food supply from abroad. Nature has been very unkind to Italy, but the world at large has not been kinder. In the years preceding the war, and even during the war, the excess population of the country found an outlet in emigration. No less than 800,000 Italians left Italy in 1913, many of whom came to America. Some ten million Italian workers are scattered over the face of the globe. Now, with the closing down of our doors and the setting up of restrictions everywhere, Italian emigration is virtually cut off. France is still taking in large numbers of Italian workers, but it will not be for long.

These, then, are the main causes of Italy's plight. But to these must be added the devastating losses of the war and the havoc wrought by four years of strikes, lockouts, industrial chaos, and political anarchy. The Italian people were the least prepared for the Great War, yet they paid, proportionally of course, as great a price for their victory as any of the Allies, France not excluded. We are told by Nitti in his "Peaceless Europe" that if we Americans had been forced to make the same military effort that Italy has made we should have had sixteen million men under arms, lost from one and a half to two million lives, and spent eighty billion dollars at least.

Now, Fascism, with all its faults, deserves credit for one thing at least: it has gone at this problem of Italy's poverty with the faith that it can be solved. It has not succumbed to the fatalism, the apathy, and the inertia of the old régimes. The Black Shirts are a positive, and not a negative force. They believe in trying. In the words of my friend, Fascism has furnished the masses with an *esprit de corps* and a will to win. So far it can boast many substantial achievements. It has restored peace and given the country a government. It has balanced the Budget, settled the war debts, stabilized the exchange, organized the public services, reduced expenses, and bolstered the morale of the people. The trade balance, furthermore, shows progress.

"These reforms," says my friend, "would not have been possible without a revolution. At the time of the march on Rome we were at the end of the rope. We were practically a nation in bankruptcy—political, social, and economic bankruptcy—and what we needed was some one or something that could act as a receiver. The function of Fascism is the function of a receiver. When you think of Italy, think of an enterprise recovering from a state of bankruptcy. It will help explain many things."

Here, then, is the psychology of Fascist Italy: the psychology of a great corporation in the hands of a receiver, the psychology of a nation waging bitter war on poverty. Talk to any Italian these days—any Italian who is not blinded by hatred of Fascism—and he will tell you what my friend has been telling me. A newspaper man in Naples went even further than my friend. I asked him what he thought of all this loose gossip of a war with France or Turkey. "It would be a fine thing," he replied; "it would help us get rid of a

Photograph by Ficarelli

Deputy Augusto Turati, Secretary-General of the National Fascist Party, addressing the Black Shirts of Bari, on the aims of the economic battle

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few million people and give us some land to boot." He was serious about it.

To an American firmly grounded in the faith of democracy this Fascism is a horrible nightmare. Its frank contempt for popular rule, its intolerance of all opposition, its gagging of the press and of free speech, and its denial of those liberties that we Americans have come to regard as sacred and inviolable are revolting, to say the least. But Italy is a nation at war. "In America," says my friend, "you have plenty of room in the orchestra, and the show is good. But here we haven't standing room in the gallery." Which explains why forty million people look on and applaud while the Fascist Hercules tears down the pillars of popular sovereignty.

Italy prefers bread to liberty.

What Makes Japan Laugh?

North and South Poles of Japanese Humor

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

OUT of a hundred million books or so our august ancestors have produced to date, there stands out just one that is the real "best-seller" in our beloved land of Nippon.

"Hizakurige" is its title. And the immortal who wrote under the pen-name of "Jippensha Ikkyu" is the author. Its first installment came out in 1802—just about one and a quarter centuries ago. It has remained with us as the one big fun book of Nippon ever since.

It is the record of two delectable Japanese "dumb Daniels"—Yajirobei and Kidahachi by name (or Yaji and Kida, in the affection of our reading public)—as they journey from the Edo City of the Shogun (the Tokyo of to-day) down to the Flower Capital of the Mikado, the present Kyoto. They were penniless, of course—as all the authentic heroes always are in the "best-sellers" the world over. But they should worry! For they were fabulously rich in the moneys in other people's pockets. Rich also in that priceless gift of the gods of discovering laughs in other people's misfortunes. Richer still in that they were blessed with a practically inexhaustible alchemy of philosophy which turned their own misfortunes into a never-ending mine of home-made mirth. Let us present a sample:

ONE day, long after the sun had shaken them cold on the storied highway, Yaji and Kida stood in front of a village inn. Many and rich layers of dust of travel did not quite hide their pallor. They were not sick; only hungry. There was one thing they wanted more than food, though—for they were Japanese even in that sad condition. They yearned for the steaming consolation of a regular Japanese bath. Therefore when the maid announced that the honorable bath was ready for them neither Yaji nor Kida was a shining candidate for a politeness prize. Yaji, more nimble in wit and body, naturally beat Kida to it.

In stripping himself of the travel-worn rags he gave a rather impressive imitation of an impatient saint at the gate of paradise shedding his earthly woes. Then he looked up. And then all his high spirits vanished. He stared at the bathtub in front of him with the eyes of a stray dog at a suspicious stranger. Yaji had never seen such a bathtub before in all his eventful life. It was built in against one wall of the bathroom. It was one of those in fashion in the country districts near Kyoto. An entirely strange contraption to the children of Edo City of those days. The huge wooden barrel was built in squarely over a stove which was fired from outside of the bathroom—on the other side of the wall, naturally. It was bottomed with a copper plate and the fire was built directly under it, so that it took a very little time to heat the water. This bath-barrel was fitted with a perforated wooden bottom. But this wooden bottom was constructed to float on top of the water when no one was in the bath. In that manner it served as an automatic lid while the water was being heated. The bather was expected to step on it as he entered the bath and sink it with his weight till it rested against the reinforced rim of the copper bottom. Now both of our travelers, Yaji and Kida, had been used to the Edo style of bathtubs, fitted with wooden lids, which a bather takes off when he enters the bath.

After a careful survey, naturally enough, Yaji stuck his fingers through the holes in the floating wooden lid and lifted it out of the tub. He dipped out a couple of bucketfuls of hot water from the tub and, pouring one of them over himself, a sort of impromptu shower, he washed himself thoroughly in front of the steaming tub. I give this detailed account of about the commonest gesture in the daily life of our people over there. For there seems to be a curious misunderstanding on the part of kindly but rather more or less hasty intelligence of our American friends on this point. They seem to think, these extraordinary people, that we—far and away the cleanest people on the face of the globe in reputation and in fact—actually use the same bathtub and water for the entire family. Well, we do. But not according to the American usage. We Nipponese cannot imagine how a civilized American can step into a bathtub and wash himself in it and keep on washing himself in it when it is not so constructed as to make the water flow out at one end while a fresh stream is constantly pouring in at the other—as some of the bath-basins at hot springs in Japan are contrived. In every Japanese bathroom there is always a false wooden floor with drains beneath it. And it is there, on the wooden floor, that we all wash and scrub ourselves till we are thoroughly clean, and then for the first time we enter the tub to have the luxury of a soaking in a tubful of water, hot enough to turn us into a fair imitation of a boiled lobster. And Yaji after this preliminary scrubbing and washing, and with the impatience of a weary traveler rushing into a ready-made Lotus Land, leaped into the tub. He went into it like a diving heron. But he came out of it much quicker. A nervous lightning could not have stayed much shorter, but his Lotus Land stay was quite long enough to mark the soles of his feet with emphatic blisters where they got entirely too intimate with the copper bottom of the tub, without the merciful intervention of a wooden bottom.

NOW a man of live wit and of profound philosophy like our friend Yaji should have found in an experience like this a rich mine of worldly wisdom. Instead, he looked upon the offending tub as into the bottomless well of disgust. He actually half opened his mouth in a very fury of resentment and rage that made him a trifle absent-minded, and was about to summon an

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inn servant for some sort of explanation. A miracle of grace saved him from humiliation just then. It dawned on him that there might be a mystic rite about this new-fangled bathtub, with infinite possibilities of raising a merry typhoon of innocent mirth at the expense of his fellow-traveler, Kida.

A child of Edo, of course, would naturally commit a thousand *hara-kiri* than make a personal demonstration of a new-fangled Western notion that our original ancestor came down from tree-tops. If Eve made a monkey out of Adam with that storied apple, no common village bathtub was going to make another of Yaji. That was one thing settled and certain. So his bloodshot eyes roamed over the battlefield, where, so far, everything, including his honor, was completely lost.

"Where there is a god who throws you down, there is always another who picks you up." Yaji repeated this moss-back proverb to himself as if he had just invented it. And at that moment he saw a pair of nice new wooden clogs, clean as white silk, in one corner of the bathroom. It's such a terrible bore to be too clever a man, thought Yaji in sweet weariness, as he shod his blistered feet with the clogs. And, so armed, he stepped into the bath and found it, this time, the steaming paradise of his dreams. He took his time. He would have broken loose with "The Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night" had he only been a century and a half ahead of his time and in the Americanized Japan of to-day. He enjoyed his bath hugely. More than that, he warmed his soul in advance with the laugh he was going to have on Kida, his beloved pal. He got out of the tub and hid the clogs behind the wooden lid carefully. And clean, dried, and clad in a cotton bathrobe called *yukata*, he walked serenely back to the room where Kida was raving in his impatience—a pluperfection of politeness.

Smoothly, graciously, in honeyed phrases, he urged Kida to lose no time in entering the Nirvana of unalloyed bliss—the water was hot and full of caresses, ready and waiting for him.

"Have you fallen asleep in the tub?" was the cold retort of Kida. "Or were you just counting the age of Mount Fuji?"

With which parting shot, Kida rushed off like an infuriated cyclone.

YAJI did not say anything. But a wistful smile bloomed on his half-parted lips like a shy violet. He winked slowly at nobody in particular. Then he tiptoed out of the room in the direction of the bathroom.

As for Kida, he was as much surprised and impressed at the strange appearance of the bath as his pal. He noticed that the lid of the tub was off. Yaji had evidently forgot to put it back—performing true to form. There was nothing to arouse his suspicion in that. So he hustled through his preliminary splashings and scrubbings and jumped, without hesitation, into the steaming paradise with about as much velocity as that of Yaji—both ways: in and out.

"For the mercy of the august eight million gods!" said he as sunk to the floor, nursing his huge blisters with incredible tenderness. He did not blame the new-fangled bath. He blamed his old pal. He had blamed Yaji for all the bumps on life's toboggan—and always proved himself correct. Yaji had played a nasty, cowardly trick on him once more. That was all. So he went over every inch of the bathroom, looking for the trick. When he came to the concealed pair of wooden clogs, he ha-ha-ed. There was the answer. He lost no time in putting them on and stepping into the bath. The dirty low-down clown! What he wasn't going to do to Yaji was not worth mentioning to a flea. First of all, he took ample time, then and there, to inform the eight million gods of his august ancestors that Yaji was a dirty yegg, cutthroat, bootlegger, counterfeiter, smuggler of stolen goods, dope-fiend, and other things I can't even mention in an American publication. That did him good; it cleared his mind. Ah, the blasting catastrophe he was going to hurl at Yaji! Mother of Moses! Kida actually grinned and chuckled. At the mental picture of Yaji being smashed like a scenic railway in the Florida hurricane his enthusiasm almost exploded. With a whoop, he shot out of the water like a leaping tuna. He came down again, of course. And, by way of emphasis, he stamped with his wooden clogs on the copper bottom of the tub.

THE most natural thing on earth came to pass. He stamped through the copper bottom of the tub. There was a tremendous hiss of water as it drowned the fire beneath. There was a yell—rather, a long series of yells of pain which drowned the sound of hissing waters.

Yaji had been watching the whole drama as it mounted to its gorgeous climax through a hole in the paper screen of the bathroom. His tender heart shook to its very foundation fiber at the appalling disaster that had overwhelmed his beloved pal. He rushed madly into the hissing mêlée to save Kida. In which humane efforts Yaji got himself burned and drowned in precisely the same fashion and to precisely the same extent as his pal, Kida, proving to the entire satisfaction of himself and of Kida that in this life gods, when they dispense favors and fun, do so with unspeakable impartiality.

All of which shows that the southern pole of Japanese humor has nothing whatever to learn from the most lurid of the slap-stick school of American screen comedy.

AT the opposite end from all this—at the North Pole of Japanese humor—one finds something quite different. Here is a sample:

In the Augustan days of the Momoyama Period, the culture and refinement of Yamato found its May weather after centuries of black days of blood and sword. The great Hideyoshi, perhaps the cleverest feudal chieftain who ever reigned, sat upon the dais of the Shogun; he had just unified the countless hostile clans under one strong central government. The country was still full of his bitter enemies, but the bitterest of them all knew how to respect his power.

And there lived a man called Sorori in the Court of this famous Shogun. Now Sorori was the wisest man of his time and of the great Court. His friends admitted it; his enemies admitted it. Even he himself could not in decency deny it. Naturally enough, he went about under the official title of a fool—a court jester.

NOW this famous Shogun Hideyoshi rose from a water-drinking petty farmer. He was the original go-getter in Nippon. He was something like the present-day newspaper reporter—he was strong for first-hand information.

And, getting out at the wrong side of his bed one day, he got the wild idea into his august head of seeing with his own eyes the life conditions of his people and hearing with his own ears what his people were saying about him and his reign. There was just one way to get that: to go and mingle and mix with the masses. And there was no other way to achieve this for the great Shogun but through the ancient trick of disguising himself and taking to the highway as a nobody—a mendicant in rags. And that precisely was what the mighty Shogun proposed to do.

When his Council of State got wind of it, it turned into a congregation of petrified crows, completely frightened out of its wits.

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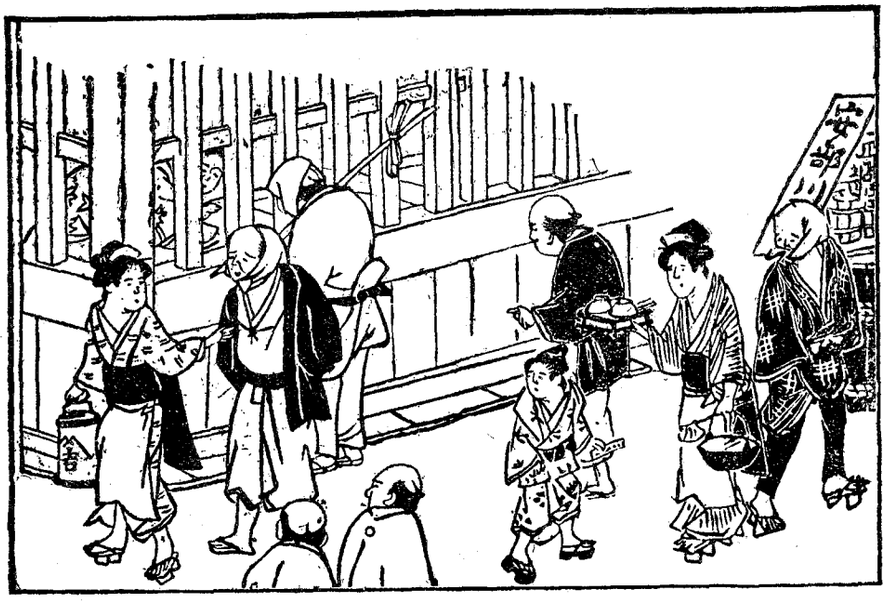

The hotel maid invites our two travelers, Yaji and Kida, to pass the night. The scene is laid along the Tokaido, "the Highway of the Eastern Sea"

The great Shogun roaming loose through the dark corners of the land—dangerous was no word for such an insane stunt! If the slightest hint of such a thing leaked out, the Shogun's life would not be worth much—somewhat less than a plugged nickel, say. For the country was then full of treacherous foes thirsting for his blood; hugging a buzz-saw tenderly to his bosom would have been a safer pastime.

But under the wide-spreading heavens, who was there to dare say to the headstrong Shogun, "Don't you do it," and thereby risk his head in any such foolhardy nonsense? None that the Elders of the Council of State could think of—except, perhaps, the Fool. Absolutely the only man in or out of the Court who could do anything with the great Shogun, anyway.

So the stiff knees of the Elder Statesmen bent before the man of jests. And Sorori accepted the commission as cheerfully as a boy his New Year's gift.

VERY early the following morning there was a tremendous rush and commotion where a wee noise out of place, let alone a disturbance, meant an instant decapitation of a dozen noble heads any day—namely, in the bedchamber of the Shogun. The retainers on duty turned ashen with amazement.

It was Sorori hitting the holy of holies like a young typhoon gone mad. For once, he was pale and grim as death.

"A thousand deaths in boiling oil for your accursed slave," said he, facing squarely the stormy contortions of the half-awakened august features. "I've just met a liver-squashing sight, the like of which the eyes of man never before beheld. And I've forgot myself utterly and rushed in here to tell my August Master before I die. For die I certainly shall, before my lord could order my fool head chopped off. A minute or so at most and I shall be gone—"

NOW the death of his favorite laugh-maker was no idle jest even with the most powerful of Shoguns. The news jarred him wide awake. He was all ears and round-open eyes.

"The humble one climbed the hills back of the castle ahead of the dawn this morning," said Sorori, "that I might be numbered among the first to greet the Lord of Day. The sacred silences among the aged pines at the shrine were as profound as the thoughts of the gods. And I stood there lost in wonder as the dawn opened the pearly gate to the east. Suddenly a tremendous flapping of wings deafened my ears. And I saw towering in front of me as high as heaven an august tengu." (A tengu is a red-faced, winged demigod with the longest nose imaginable, who, like the much-sung little girl, was very, very good when he was good and very, very horrid when he wished to be so.)

"Really!" said the Shogun, who could not understand how anybody could see a tengu outside of the Shogun himself.

"The august tengu said to me," went on Sorori, "'I'm going to eat you up right now. Half a minute for you to talk to your gods.' Strange, August Master, how the wit of a lazy soul works when it has to."

And the tangled features of the famous jester melted into the first smile of the interview.

"With the first breath that came back to me, I said: 'Oh, sovereign tengu, how great you are! Heaven is just high enough to roof you. And after beholding your noble proportions, I am ready to die. I only regret that I cannot offer you a nobler meal. There is just one wish I would like to voice before I join my ancestors in the Shadow World.' At that the tengu wished to know what that was. So I said to him: 'Now that I have seen how great you can be, will you not deign to show me just how small you can be also, for I have heard that you can shelter your heaven-high stature within a tiny ant?' 'Easily,' the august tengu told me, and bade me to stretch forth my right hand, palm up.

"There was another thunderous flapping of wings, and in the twinkling of an eye the tengu was nowhere. Presently, though, I felt an itch on my palm. Looking intently upon it, I discovered the very tiniest ant I had ever seen in my life wiggling on it."

A DRAMATIC pause. Sorori looked steadily into the eyes of his master.

"Well," said the Shogun, gruff and impatient, "what did you do?"

"This," said Sorori. He tilted his head back and opened his mouth wide, and then slapped his open palm onto it, swallowing the imaginary ant. "The tengu is inside of me now. I—I have eaten the tengu. He is inside of me now."

"Well," grunted the mighty Shogun, "what then?"

"Nothing, August Master—just not a thing."

"Well, don't you feel bad? Didn't you tell me you are going to snuff out right away?"

"Yes, your High Dais, but that was a little jest of mine. The humble one wished to wake you up a bit. I feel as fine as the Nishijin brocade. Why, August Master, the fool tengu inside of me has not given me even a wee touch of tummyache. I honestly think, sire, when he turned into that silly little ant a new-born puppy could have eaten him up without feeling a thing."

"H-humm!" said the Shogun; "humm!"

And the ancient records all agree that the mighty Shogun never went out incognito; he never put on the rags of a poor mendicant. And his august appetite for the first-hand information remained as an academic museum piece in the Court of Shogun Hideyoshi. He never went out.

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By the Way

SCENE on Broadway, New York City: Two women bumped hard into each other. "Why don't you look where you're going?" said one, angrily. The speaker was Leona La Mar, billed in vaudeville as "The Girl With 1,000 Eyes."

A Gentile errand-boy, according to the Manchester "Guardian," asked his Jewish employer for an increase in salary. To this the careful employer replied:

"In Leap Year there are ..... 366 days
You work 8 hours per day (122 days). Therefore you don't work ..... 244 days

122 days

You don't work Jewish and Christian Sabbaths ..... 104 days

18 days

You have 14 days' holiday ..... 14 days

4 days

You don't work Christmas Day, New Year's Day, and Good Friday 3 days

1 day

"If it vosn't Leap Year," added the lad's employer, sternly, "you vouldn't be vorking for me at all."

A small girl asked her mother:

"If I grow up and get married, will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, dear," the mother replied.

"And if I do not get married will I be an old maid like auntie?"

"Yes."

The little girl thought for a minute, and remarked, "Well, I'm in a fix."

The outcry against the tabloid newspapers in New York City seems to have brought them prosperity. During the last year the "Daily News" has added 147,000 daily readers; the "Mirror," 95,000; and the "Graphic," 193,000. The present circulation of the comparatively new "Daily News" exceeds one million one hundred thousand, while the venerable New York "Times" has a circulation of only some four hundred thousand.

From the "Epworth Herald:"

Two small girls were out playing when the doctor, who happened to be passing, stopped and inquired how they were.

"I don't think we had better tell you," said one of them.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "daddy told us that when you called the other week and asked how we were, it cost him $3."

A card of thanks in a Florida paper:

Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an "ad" in your lost-and-found column, and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. God bless your paper.

"Now, father," said the missus, on their arrival in London, "we've just got one day here, and my idee is this: You and Junior attend to the museums and public buildings, and daughter and I'll do the churches and graveyards. In that way we'll see the whole town."

This department reported only a few months ago the phenomenal growth of "war story" magazines. Since that time the fashions in news-stand literature seem to have completely changed. The "war story" periodicals have almost entirely vanished, and "Sweetheart Stories," "Love Stories," and others of the same ilk have taken their places.

An Iowa farmer recently included the following statement in a letter to the Iowa Department of Agriculture:

"These days the farm is a wonderful place—to be born on.

"Many great men claim that honor—but they don't own a farm and have to work hard to support it.

"But there are advantages to living on a farm—you don't have to pay an income tax.

"It's a place where you can work from daylight to dark, sow little and reap much, sell much and receive little.

"Farmers used to be business men. Now they are philanthropists. Philanthropists are people who give things away.

"Farming used to be considered hard work. Now it is a vacation without pay.

"But the farms have other advantages. They have the finest telephone system in the world. One ring gets everybody on the line."

Lazy Sam sat on the sunny side of the tree, the perspiration running down his face.

"Boy, why don't you-all seat yo'self on the shady side?" his friend asked him.

"That's all you knows 'bout nature," replied Sam. "By and by sun's goin' to be on this side, and then ah won't hab to move."

From London "Tit-Bits:"

A man saw a message and an address on an egg he got for breakfast. The message read:

"This egg was packed by a girl thousands of miles away from England. She is supposed to be the prettiest girl in this neighborhood, and is prepared to marry the man who eats this egg."

The man cabled her: "I'll marry you."

He received a reply from the girl: "I am flattered by your proposal, but I am now married and have three children."

The editor-in-chief of The Outlook, weary of trying to solve the anagrams in this column, counters with the following. We suspect that most of our readers will have to wait for the solution, which we will publish next week, before they are able to solve this completely.

THE VERNAL ——
SONNET

When hostile winter —— to encounter spring,
That old —— -face, the sun in heaven, ——;
And, deaf to —— of shiv'ring man, he sails
Behind the clouds. Serfs of the frosty king
—— the high cliffs with icy hammering.
As in Hautes —— the mountaineer, who scales
A peak and standing on the summit hails
His comrade, starts a tremor that may bring
An avalanche that —— and echoes; or
As in a gale a breath too much of wind
Brings —— and crosstree down; so at the break
Of spring this nip of winter seems the more
Like bite of ——. Yet, behold, I find
A bud in swaddling —— just awake.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

The blanks represent eleven different words all composed of the same five letters.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "Warder," "redraw," "reward," "warred," "red war," "drawer."

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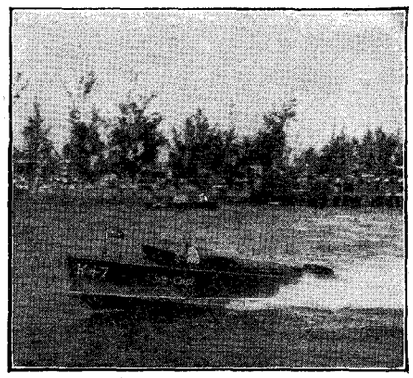

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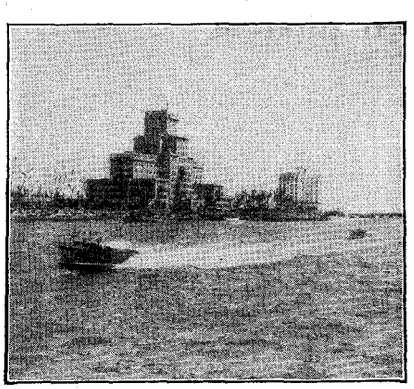

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Plutarch *et Fils*

THAT philosopher and maker of epigrams who calls himself Abe Martin spoke the other morning on the subject of modern biography. He said something like this: "The time is coming when the biographers ain't going to the records, but to the neighbors."

This sums up the facts. On the jacket of one of the books discussed here to-day the publishers promise "daring frankness." Dear old familiar words—ever since the Plutarch of our times, Lytton Strachey, made such a smashing hit with his excellent life of Queen Victoria. No more prudery nor concealment, no more aprons of fig leaves, but the truth at last though the heavens fall! One ingenious gentleman wrote a two-volume life of Robert Louis Stevenson, chiefly around one great discovery, the name of an obscure young woman whom Stevenson knew on the streets of Edinburgh, and who was no better than she should have been. Another biographer of Stevenson listened, with even less excuse, at keyholes, and wrote his book around two or three items of family gossip. Mr. Woodward, the recent biographer of Washington, is now announced as the author of a forthcoming life of Grant, which is going to clear up the mystery about the General's intemperance in early life. There is really no mystery about it; every one who has studied Grant's career knows that before the Civil War he resigned from the Army in order to avoid dismissal, and that strong drink was the reason. But "the Puritans," who are almost as much of a bugaboo to some of us as witches were to the Puritans themselves, must get their daily bastinado, and the rest of us must have our regular ration of daring frankness, iconoclasm, irony, and satire.

If there is something amusing in this juvenile enthusiasm for chalking up naughty words on the fences, there are also—and this idea has been set forth in these pages before to-day—some good books, some readable chapters, and some refreshing candor coming out of it all. Indiscretions are at least more honest than smugness. If we cannot throw up our hats and cheer at the bold conduct of these biographers, neither need we draw back in horror and sigh for the days when everything was kept wrapped up and out of sight. Concealment is not the prime virtue of a biographer. About twenty years ago there appeared the life of an American literary man which was much praised for its "reticence." Readers wondered what on earth there was in the life of this highly respectable man to be reticent about, and heartily wished that the author might have invented a few scandals, or at least done something to give a little color and interest to a very drab book. It is better, as James Bryce once remarked, to be flippant than to be dull.

There is certainly no scandal to be unearthed about King Charles I, and as for King Charles II, the modern method of discussing that rogue would not be still further to blacken his character, but to present him as a badly misunderstood and highly righteous gentleman, who was really all the time engaged in his devotions and in scientific research, but adopted a frivolous and wanton manner in public in order not to seem a prig. Gertrude Scott Stevenson's "Charles I in Captivity"[1] consists mainly of Sir Thomas Herbert's narrative of the last two years of the King's life, from his surrender to Parliament to his dramatic appearance on the scaffold. I believe that the Herbert narrative is somewhat distrusted by historians, since it was written in the author's old age. The romantic King furnished a fine model for Van Dyke's portraits and he died bravely. For these reasons he has his admirers and adherents forever. Readers who do not object to mortuary details will be interested in the chapter devoted to Sir Henry Halford's report of the strange scene when the King's body was examined in 1813, in the presence of the Prince Regent.

One of the best modern fairy tales was written thirty or forty years ago. I wonder how many readers remember it. It is "Prince Prigio," by Andrew Lang. To the Prince's christening there came the usual supernatural visitors, each with a gift. The usual spiteful one, who had not been invited, brought with her the usual curse. She said:

"My child, you shall be *too clever*."

This malicious fairy godmother also attended the christening of Mr. Philip Guedalla, author of one of the most im-

[1] Charles I in Captivity. From Contemporary Sources. Edited with an Introduction by Gertrude Scott Stevenson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4.

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portant biographies of this season, a life of Lord Palmerston.[2] It is better to make epigrams than to write tedious paragraphs; it is better to be picturesque than to be colorless. Probably it is even better to mince and strut a little than to drag along wearily. In reading Mr. Guedalla, I constantly admire him and constantly rejoice at his cleverness, and yet I wish he would let up for a page or two, and for an instant cease to sparkle. I wish sometimes that he would not seem to be saying:

"You and I, my sophisticated readers, only need a light touch, a delicate hint; we do not need the direct statement of fact which stupider minds require."

Here is a sample of Mr. Guedalla at his best and with his mannerisms upon him:

"The war crept slowly northwards. Spain lay behind them now. They heard the sea in San Sebastian bay, and through the high grasses they looked down into the green distances of France. Europe rolled westwards. Incredulous Russians, Prussians, and Austrians tasted the strange flavor of victory, as the long rearguard action flickered before Paris. In the south the guns came nearer; and as the Emperor trailed off to Fontainebleau, they hunted Soult along the Pyrenees. A closed carriage drove down the long road to Fréjus; a cruiser sailed for Elba; and, in a world at peace, Lord Palmerston introduced the Army Estimates for 1814."

To Lawrence Abbott a modernist is not somebody who began to write, preach, or paint five or six weeks ago, but "a believer in life, in progress, in spiritual and intellectual evolution rather than in tradition and in dogma." His Modernists[3]—he includes Herodotus, St. Francis, Darwin, Voltaire, Jefferson, and Beethoven—were men of courage and progress, and were, of course, denounced by many of their contemporaries as dangerous radicals and destroyers of society.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's collection of essays, "Emerson and Others,"[4] is one which I approached with suspicion. His book on Mark Twain, highly esteemed in some quarters, seemed to me, in the elegant language of Broadway, a "flop." Therefore it is all the more pleasant to praise this book, not only for its essays on John Butler Yeats, Randolph Bourne, Ambrose Bierce, and Herman Melville, but especially for its six vigorous and admirable essays on different phases of the life of Emerson.

[2] Palmerston, 1784–1865. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

[3] Twelve Great Modernists. By Lawrence F. Abbott. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.50.

[4] Emerson and Others. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Mr. Lloyd Morris calls Hawthorne by his first name throughout his book,[5] but he does not call him Nat, and we ought to be grateful for that obeisance toward the ancient proprieties. He is intimate in his manner, but not chatty. His title suggests that his book is going to be one more lambasting of the Puritans, and indeed he had some cause to pitch into them. Salem's most distinguished son was disapproved by Salem. This biography is not an essay in iconoclasm, but an extremely well written history of a strange and melancholy life, and it deserves cordial recommendation. In the manner of Worshipful Grand Master Strachey it ends with the death-bed vision.

"Trumpets of Jubilee"[6] is an alluring title for a book somewhat formidable in size and appearance. It contains long chapters (each might be a book in itself) on two men of God—Lyman Beecher and Henry Ward Beecher; a novelist—Harriet Beecher Stowe; a newspaper editor—Horace Greeley; and, to give it the required dash of incongruity, P. T. Barnum. The chapter on Mrs. Stowe seemed to me the liveliest in the book.

Mr. Sawyer's two-volume work on Washington[7] is primarily a pictorial record. With so many illustrations—for it contains 1,500 of them, with 250 portraits of the hero—it naturally is sold at a high price. But it is also a biography, of the reverent and not of the modern type.

"White House Gossip"[8] makes no pretense at serious history, nor does it contain scandal. It is chiefly for readers who like to know about the perfectly decent careers of Presidents and their families, and the details about china, silverware, and other furnishings in that pleasant dwelling (No. 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue) in which so many American gentlemen desire to live.

A family servant, and valet to one of the former Presidents has written a brief book called "Theodore Roosevelt: Hero to his Valet."[9] It is not of great importance, but it is simple and dignified. Mr. Amos and his literary adviser have

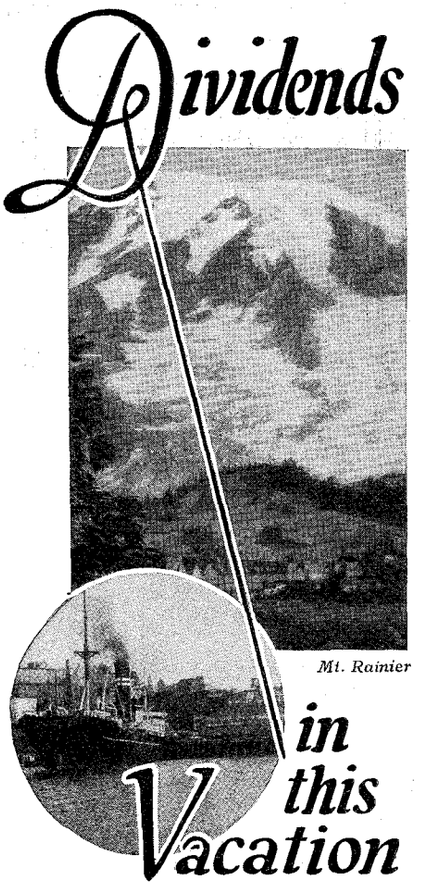
[5] The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. By Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $4.

[6] Trumpets of Jubilee. By Constance Mayfield Rourke. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $5.

[7] Washington. By Joseph Dillaway Sawyer. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $20.

[8] White House Gossip. From Andrew Jackson to Calvin Coolidge. By Edna M. Colman. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $5.

[9] Theodore Roosevelt: Hero to his Valet. By James E. Amos. The John Day Company, New York. $2.



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made a book which could well serve as a model to more pretentious biographers of President Roosevelt and of other statesmen. The story of the death of the ex-President is told with a touching directness.

"The Last Victorians"[10] is the book announced by its publishers as written with "daring frankness." I adjusted my shock-absorbers, locked the doors, and opened its covers. One more disappointment. There are chapters about Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, Parnell, Lord Grey, and Mr. Asquith, but, so far as I could discover, any of them might be read by the Lecturer on History and Current Topics at Miss Prism's Select Academy for Young Ladies. E. P.

[10] The Last Victorians. By Arthur A. Baumann. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

Fiction

I'LL HAVE A FINE FUNERAL. By Pierre de la Mazière. Brentano's, New York. $2.

Society is on trial again, in a mocking indictment of the evil system which keeps one class of people chained to the post of honest poverty, while another class, living in opulence, grafts here and profiteers there. A miserable boy grows up through years of grinding poverty, and attains a small white-collar job in a great French bank. Slaves of routine, he and others like him are marking time and chewing their bitter cuds. No glory for them in war, and little happiness in peace.

Like every other Frenchman, the boy went through the Great War, and returned home to realize that French savings were being squandered by those in high places. By the simple expedient of stealing an unindorsed check, the boy grows richer. With the stolen money he follows every move of his chief in the stock market, and in a year's time, before a public auditing of the books is due, he becomes a rich man. The scene of his confession to the president of the bank is a scathing satire on big business. Having successfully joined the ranks of dishonest opulence, his grim remark, "And I—I too shall have a fine funeral!" gives the book its macabre title. Despite a moving love affair and some brilliant pages, the book is bitter medicine.

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE. By Owen Johnson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Jean, Tom, and Kitty, the leading characters in Mr. Owen Johnson's "Children of Divorce," all three belong to divided households, and their after lives are deeply influenced and cruelly harmed by the unfortunate conditions of their childhood. The story of their career, intricately intertwined for good or evil, is interesting, even absorbing, and is believable enough; but it is neither sufficiently representative nor interpreted with sufficient depth and discrimination to be accounted a novel of real significance. Already it has been filmed; it was inevitable that it should be; the love romance of the beautiful Princesse de Sfax and the wicked wiles of the catty Kitty are obvious movie material. Something, probably, will be sacrificed in the screen adaptation, but surely less than would be the case in a novel upon the same theme more broadly based, finer, better balanced, and indicating a fuller recognition of its complexities.

A WREATH OF CLOUD: Being the Third Part of "The Tale of Genji." By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50.

It seems that this tale of limpid beauty and gentle melancholy is not to go on forever. Mr. Waley, whose translation remains a small miracle of precision and grace, now announces that the next volume will conclude "The Tale of Genji." After that, however, there will be a sequel in two volumes, "The Tale of Kaoru," which traces the fortunes of Genji's supposed son of that name, and his grandson Niou. The latter is the child of the Akashi Princess—but whoever attempts to unravel the tangled skein of the Genji genealogy may as well give up the effort before he starts. Genji's usual mode of life in the New Palace with his three chief ladies, as unfolded in this volume, can do nothing but lead to further complications. These Watteau pictures and exchanges of frail and graceful verse do not hide the fact that this century-old novel is essentially an erotic masterpiece.

BILL MYRON. By Dean Fales. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Bill is not only two-fisted but sharp-tongued, and he verbally lays out with gusto the pompous capitalists and the "forced jocularity and effusive cordiality" of the Y. M. C. A. go-getters. In fact, Bill's (or the author's) hostility to the Y and all its works seems an obsession. There is genuine good stuff in the book, but a little restraint would improve the author's next novel.

Politics and Government

A HISTORY OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC. By Charles E. Chapman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

This is almost exclusively a political history. Some light is incidentally thrown on economic conditions, though not a great deal; very little indeed on social conditions. We conclude that Dr. Chapman is adequately informed, that on the whole his estimates are judicious, and that his book, though not at all brilliant and somewhat overburdened with detail, should be eminently useful. The story is an almost utterly sordid one: of graft, crime, stupidity, ignorance, huggermugger intrigue, everything to discourage one as to the political prospects of Cuba, very little indeed to justify hope. To be sure, Dr. Chapman declares himself confident that Cuba will emerge from the slimy political bog in which she now flounders and cleanse herself, but he furnishes little evidence to justify optimism.

Art

ARTISTIC IDEALS. By Daniel Gregory Mason. W. W. Norton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Mason is best known as a critic of music. He has, however, in this small book sincerely and fearlessly set forth his ideals for the artist. Those especially stressed are independence, spontaneity, workmanship, originality, what he terms "universality," and fellowship. "Since to be an artist is to be independent, and to be independent is to cut one's self off from the favor of the crowd—only as we think thus radically shall we arrive at the truth which can save us." And Galsworthy is quoted as saying, "To please your best self is the only way of being sincere."

As to spontaneity he takes as his best exponent of that silent virtue César Franck, the obscure organist and teacher, of whom he gives a most vivid description, and adds, "Spontaneity is an ideal little practiced among us nowadays. The prevailing temper of our time is as unfavorable to it as to independence." Of workmanship, what comment could be better than Brahm's memorable counsel to a

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young composer regarding his songs: "Whether they are beautiful also is not your affair—but perfect they must be." And Meredith said: "If the genius you possess should survive the process of mental labor, it will be enriched and worthy of a good rank."

Originality is the spirit which seeks everywhere classic beauty, which works through justness of emphasis, moderation, restraint, balance: "Far up in the Sierras we pulled up a bush in our mountain walk, and saw the glittering treasure. Let us return thither. Let it be the price of our freedom to make that known."

Egotism and universality will not mix. Santayana reminds us that "the best things that come into a man's consciousness are the things that take him out of it." "He who is great finds himself in all and therefore in the whole. The whole interests him and he seeks to comprehend it. . . . On account of this extension of his sphere he is called great."

"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

1. What well-known Governor and what famous aviator are brothers?
2. What Senator who has recently died wrote a biography of Chief Justice Marshall?
3. Who wrote the "The Nigger of the Narcissus"?
4. What basic materials of industry does Italy lack?
5. What English King frequently sat for Van Dyke?
6. Where did Nathaniel Hawthorne live?
7. What is the Fifth Avenue of Rome?
8. Who is Henry Fairfield Osborn?
9. Who is President of Columbia University?
10. Name the two chief exports of Cuba to the United States?
11. How large a vote, under the present rules, is required to nominate a candidate in a Democratic National Convention?
12. What is the Chinese name for the Yellow River?
13. What newspaper editor was killed last year because of his attacks on crooked politics?
14. Who is the French Minister of Foreign Affairs?
15. What American statesman founded the American Philosophical Society?
16. What is the old-fashioned name for rhubarb?
17. Where are Mussolini's headquarters?
18. Who is President of the American Red Cross?
19. What is a tengu?
20. Who is John Van Antwerp MacMurray?

(Score 5 for each correct answer.)

Answers to these questions can be found in the pages of The Outlook as follows:

To 1, on p. 45; to 2, on p. 44; to 3, on p. 46; to 4, on p. 48; to 5, on p. 54; to 6, on p. 55; to 7, on p. 47; to 8, on p. 36; to 9, on p. 42; to 10, on p. 41; to 11, on p. 38; to 12, on p. 41; to 13, on p. 36; to 14, on p. 39; to 15, on p. 36; to 16, on p. 42; to 17, on p. 47; to 18, on p. 35; to 19, on p. 51; to 20, on p. 40.

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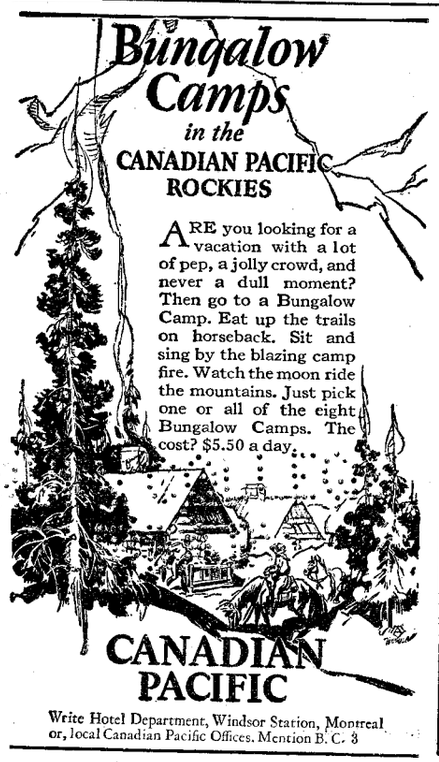
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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Liberties

PROBABLY many of us who bought Liberty Bonds during the war have sold most of our holdings in this security and have our investments in something else. Probably, however, most of us who made any sizable purchase of Liberties still have one or two left in the strong box. We hate to part with them, partly for sentimental, partly for fiscal reasons. Yet we do not buy any more when we have funds to put away. Except for those who have large amounts of money invested, Liberties have largely dropped out of sight.

We have seen no summary of the attraction of United

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Age of Declining Earnings

Age of Retirement

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A MAN may waste his resources until he reaches the fifties, without realizing the hazard. It may take sudden business reverses or failing health to show him his insecure position.

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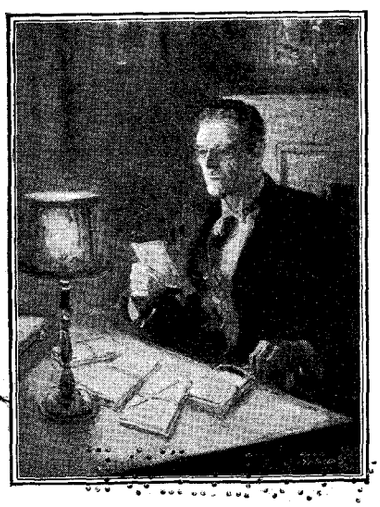

The modern idea of saving is not so much for some temporary emergency, as for insurance of adequate income through the years of declining personal earning power. In his prime, the average successful man nowadays accustoms himself to a scale of living which cannot be sustained indefinitely unless there is a well invested surplus to fall back upon.

A clear outline of this problem and how to meet it is interestingly treated in our new booklet, "Looking Ahead Financially." It tells definitely how any man of good earning power can supplement and eventually replace current income with *permanent* income—through simple, business-like planning. We shall be glad to send you a copy.

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States bonds which is more succinct and complete than that recently issued by C. F. Childs & Co. in their last quarterly bulletin. We quote it in full:

"*Reasons for Keeping and Buying Additional United States Bonds, and Why They Are Attractive*

"1. They are the premier security of the world to-day.

"2. Based upon the good faith and credit of the entire United States and the taxing power of its Government.

"3. The most readily marketable investment in existence.

"4. Unexcelled and unequaled as a back-log of liquidity and insurance.

"5. The various maturity dates are suitable for any needs.

"6. Especially attractive for a secondary reserve. If they yield only 2 per cent they are preferable to unemployed cash balances.

"7. As the supply is reduced and redeemed by Government revenue through the Sinking Fund and by Treasury surpluses and by Foreign Debt payments, the remaining outstanding bonds will undoubtedly be sought for replacement purposes, and that demand should cause them to advance to higher price levels.

"8. Ultimately all may be quoted at prices equivalent, perhaps, to a 3 per cent income basis.

"9. The principal and interest is totally exempt from personal property taxation in every State.

"10. Income from an aggregate of $5,000 par value of any issue is permanently tax exempt, when owned by an individual holder.

"11. Income from any amount of any issue is non-taxable when owned by a corporation (Revenue Act of 1926), for the reason that the income can be "excluded from gross income" before the 13½ per cent corporation tax is applied to net earnings.

"12. Income from 4 per cent commercial paper now nets 3.40 per cent. Similarly 4 per cent 'call loans' subject to a Federal tax of 13½ per cent plus 5 per cent commission charge on the income made by Clearing House banks, yield a net return of only 3.28 per cent.

"13. They are acceptable as collateral for rediscounting at the Federal Reserve Bank and under average, normal discount rates they produce a net profit when thus pledged, because the interest paid to carry the loan (except when secured by Liberty 3½s and pre-war issues) is a deductible item with respect to taxes on a corporation's income."

Some of these reasons for holding or buying Liberties are not of any particu-

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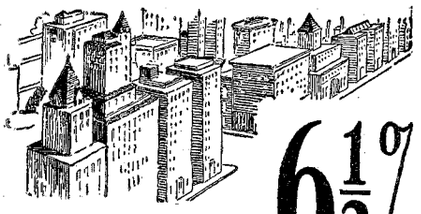

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lar interest to the individual investor. But the first ten reasons should be carefully considered.

Liberties—and refunding obligations of the Federal Government—are considered absolutely the foremost security in the world. This does not mean that they cannot fluctuate or go to lower or higher levels. It does mean, however, that interest payments are as certain as anything can be and that the payment of principal at maturity is just as sure. They are, furthermore, almost as liquid as cash, and hence are excellent for the individual who has anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars which is idle and which, for various reasons, cannot be invested for a while. Liberties, lastly, are an admirable "back-log" to supplement savings accounts and insurance.

The market price of bonds of this type depends mainly on money rates. In general, the market price of all good bonds bears a direct relation to money rates. Low money rates mean that bonds go up and high money rates mean that they go down. If we are considering the purchase of Liberties with a view to appreciation, we should have due regard to the probable future course of money rates. The main chance of gain and the chief risk of loss to the owner of Liberties lies just here. But the risk is not a grave one unless a forced sale is indicated. Uncle Sam will pay his interest on the dot and meet the debt in full at par when it is due.

The bulletin above referred to hazards an interesting estimate of the price of United States bonds about a year hence. This estimate is based on a consideration of the factors that prevail to-day, together with the probable and expected trend of our domestic affairs.

The table follows:

Liberty Fourth 4¼s	@ 106.07
Liberty First 4¼s	@ 104.36
Treasury 4¼s	@ 118.20
Treasury 4s	@ 112.91
Treasury 3¾s	@ 110.24

In a recent article on types of investments we referred to the reserve fund which should form a part of any investment. United States bonds are admirable for this purpose. They are, as the phrase goes, equivalent to "income-bearing currency." They can be converted into cash at any moment, almost anywhere. They will be accepted as security for a loan at any bank. For reserve purposes, on the one hand, and, on the other, for the investment of surpluses under certain conditions consider United States bonds. To-day when we buy them we do so coldly and calculatingly—in quite a different spirit from that in which we bought them in 1917 and 1918. Then it was necessary that we buy them. To-day it is not necessary, but it is very often desirable and wise to do so. W. L. S.

From Inquiring Readers

FROM Illinois comes a request for an opinion about "All Florida Railway" bonds, 6s, due 1935.

The real name of this security is the First Mortgage 6s, Series A, of the Seaboard All Florida Railway Company. They are very attractive bonds, and we consider them a safe investment. The road is under lease to the Seaboard Air Line. The bonds are secured by a first mortgage and, in addition, by a pledge of leases.

"BOTH the preferred and the common stocks of the American Woolen Company have declined recently," writes a reader in Indiana. "Are preferred dividends earned? Do you consider the future prospects favorable?" Our answer:

"The final reports of the American Woolen Company for 1926 are not yet at hand. Apparently official forecasts of them, however, indicate that there was an operating deficit in 1926 of over $2,000,000. The current preferred dividend has nevertheless been declared. Nothing was earned on the common.

"The reason for the present situation is twofold—conditions within the corporation and conditions within the industry. Our opinion is that the policies of the new management, which has been in control for two or three years, are good and, given good conditions in the textile industry, the company will 'come back' in the course of time."

NEW issues of stock are not for the investor who requires seasoned, conservative securities. Note that we say stocks—not bonds, which are another story entirely. And there are always rule-proving exceptions.

In reply to a reader who inquired about a certain issue made by a small, obscure, but apparently sound company, we said:

"We always regard a stock issue made for development purposes as speculative. Every statement of fact made in the circular may be absolutely true, but there is also the fact that the concern is young and needs money to expand. Why risk yours in this when you can purchase stocks of seasoned and profitable corporations?"

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The Plight of the Farmer

A group of thoughtful letters called forth by Mr. Wing's criticism of the President in our issue of March 30

Ignorance Begets Injustice

We are very much pleased to see in the issue of The Outlook for March 30 the letter of Charles B. Wing on the agricultural situation. It is by far the best presentation of the subject that has appeared in The Outlook.

We know from personal knowledge that conditions are just about as he describes them in the Black Belt of Alabama, where we are now operating a dairy farm, and also in Kentucky, our old home, where we have friends and relatives engaged in farming. Neither of these localities are one-crop sections. In the Black Belt, where cotton was formerly the principal crop, the cotton acreage has been reduced from year to year until live stock and dairying are now taking the lead. In Kentucky diversification has always been the rule, even in the tobacco regions.

It is nothing less than a tragedy that at this particular time we have at the head of our Nation a man who is so poorly informed on agricultural conditions. The situation reminds one of what we used to hear of Russia before the Revolution. It was said that the Czar was surrounded by a corps of advisers who made it their business to see to it that the truth about the condition of the country was kept from him. Mr. Coolidge is likewise surrounded by advisers who seem to have succeeded in keeping the truth of the agricultural situation from him.

It is as Mr. Wing says. Very few city people have a correct knowledge of the situation, and therein lies the great danger. The farmers are determined to carry on their fight for a square deal, and we believe that a majority of those in the industrial centers would be willing for agriculture to have justice if they were properly informed. The city press is missing a great opportunity for serving the people as a whole by failing to present in a fair and impartial way the need of relief legislation that will really reach the root of the matter—legislation that will do for agriculture what the tariff has done for manufacturing and industrial labor. If this is not done, it is bound to result in class warfare, in which all will suffer.

It seems to us that people in the cities are living in a fool's paradise.

We have been readers of The Outlook for many years. One of its strong appeals to us has been its sense of justice, instanced in one way by its long fight for an industrial democracy. Can it be that The Outlook is not equally concerned in justice for the farmers? If The Outlook is interested in justice for agriculture, we suggest that it look for its information to men like Clarence Poe, editor of the "Progressive Farmer;" to Dr. Kilgore, of North Carolina; Professor Macey Campbell, of the Iowa State Teachers' College; and to its correspondent Charles B. Wing, brother of the late Joseph E. Wing, than whom no man did more for a better rural life in America; instead of to men who are interested solely in the industrial life of the Nation.

There is a type of so-called agricultural leader who thinks it is all right for the farmer to work long hours for a bare subsistence, who does not object to farming being allowed to lapse into peasantry. However, these men do not represent the best and most intelligent element of our rural population, and it is this better element that is leading the fight for a better agriculture.

The thought will persist how different the situation were a Theodore Roosevelt in the White House! SAMUEL FISCHER.
Hope Hull, Alabama.

The President Is to Blame

Recently I read an article by an Ohio farmer in your publication which was very interesting. I hope you will publish others like it. Besides the information therein contained, I think the personal touch of such an article is worth much.

I was farming in 1920, when cotton went from 42 cents to 12 cents and bright-leafed tobacco from 56 cents to 16 cents per pound in six or eight months. Now I am in Washington practicing law.

I do not believe that the McNary-Haugen advocates are to blame, even if they be wrong, Constitutionally or otherwise. I think the real trouble is the conservatism of Mr. Coolidge. If he had acted promptly, there would have been no need for such. Seven years is a long while to discover agriculture.

Mr. Coolidge has, in effect, canceled the liberalism of Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. Imagine either of these (1) appointing Warren to Attorney-General; (2) Robison, of Doheny fame, to Admiral; (3) Woolock and the "ribbon counter boys" to the Inter-State Commerce Commission; (4) giving a chromo to the Bread Trust while it continued to sell bread at fifty per cent more than a fair price; (5) a like chromo to the fertilizer combine, in Baltimore; (6) a tariff aid to steel and a veto to the farmer in twenty-four hours.

No, Mr. Coolidge thought (1) that he would not want to be a candidate again; (2) then he decided he would like to be, and, acting thereon, has favored the ten per cent against the many.

Well, he won't get a majority of the farmer vote, and "Al" Smith, *a true liberal*, will get the others.

I am a Southern, dry, Protestant Democrat; but I am for "Al" Smith. He has his defects, but his liberalism offsets these and tends to make him a "twentieth-century Andy Jackson." G. G. MOORE.
Washington, D. C.

Bucking the Law of Supply and Demand

After reading the "Letter from an Ohio Farmer" in a recent number of The Outlook, I feel like asking a few questions which naturally arise because of some difference in our experiences.

I know what are the "poorest and bleakest hills of New York," as he terms them. There I was born; there in that little red schoolhouse, which stands yet as a monument to the good old sturdy farmers of that vicinity, I received my first impressions of A B C and the rudiments of early education.

As we boys grew older we learned the real essence of the farmer's life. It was not eight or ten hours a day, but from early dawn till dark we were continually on the job. We learned the value of a dollar.

Besides the dairy business the farm productions were similar to those mentioned by Mr. Wing. For eggs we received ten

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to twelve cents a dozen; butter, eighteen to twenty-five cents a pound. Our crops were all correspondingly cheap. We also grew some flax, and the coarse linen was made into shirts and pants, which we did not much like to wear because of the scratchy surface conditions.

Let us canvass a little among our farmers of this section at the present time, and the following information is about the average testimony of the present-day farmer hereabouts:

"True, we are not getting rich very fast, but we are breaking even and we live easier. One man with the machinery now at his command will do more work than three or four men in those early times. We have good roads; we have telephones; we have the radio, which gives us the daily market quotations; we have electric lights; the mail is delivered at our doors daily; we have more leisure. With the automobile, after the day's work we can go to the city, fifteen or twenty miles distant, do some shopping and attend the movies—in fact, we lead a more independent life than the city folk, and have no special desire to trade places with them."

Mr. Wing says, "We must have relief, and we intend to do so," by which we infer he means higher prices. Will he tell us in what way the farmer may expect relief? The executive branch of our Government is inclined to work along economical lines. High taxes, of which schools form a large part, are the result of State and local legislation. To us the law of supply and demand must make the price. Government cannot fix that. "When prices are low," he says, "we simply have to put out large acreage and increase production in order to get enough money." Of what benefit is *increased production* if the consumer is unable to use it? Whether it is wheat, corn, pork, potatoes, or whatever it may be, he will buy for his requirements. DAVID ELBERT.

Broome County, New York.

Legislation No Cure

I HAVE just read with keen interest and appreciation the "Letter from an Ohio Farmer" which is printed in your issue of March 30. Perhaps there is no more interesting phenomenon than the different ways in which people who have much the same hopes and ambitions and outlook react to the same event.

Now it happens that I too am a farmer—a very genuine son of the land (I rather object to the overworked and meaningless term "dirt farmer"). Perhaps I can qualify as being in good and regular standing in my vocation by saying that I am thoroughly accustomed to get up at five o'clock in the morning to milk cows. Also we are not amateurs or newcomers. It was one July day in the year 1800 that my great-grandfather halted his ox-team where this farm lies beside the Lunenburg Pike, and here he and his young wife set up housekeeping, and we are here still. Through all those years my people have lived from this old farm by the toil of hands and brain. It can truthfully be said of them that none have eaten the bread of idleness and none have suffered want. I think we have been very happy in our work, and my greatest satisfaction in life is that I have a son—university bred—who will carry on.

I was rather surprised to read the plaint from Ohio, because I had been led to believe that real, active, formulated agrarian discontent was to be found mainly in the Corn Belt or beyond. I confess that I belong in the old Northeast—perhaps some will prefer to call it the "effete East." Even so, I had thought that economically, agriculturally, and socially Ohio was fundamentally like New York.

Now there are many respects in which I cordially agree with Mr. Wing. Few thoughtful and intelligent persons will question his declaration that the farmer is economically at a disadvantage as compared with the industrialist. It is true that the purchasing power of the farmer's dollar lags behind the dollar of other men, and that we have largely failed to share in the marvelously increased earning power and rising standard of living which is such an outstanding characteristic of these fat years. The things that we produce and sell have, on the whole, enjoyed no such appreciation in price as is found in the general commodity price list, and in some cases have remained strangely close to the pre-war level. We are still under the shadow of the deflation of 1920. Since then we have known almost six lean, hard years.

It needs no profound wisdom to diagnose the cause of the farmer's woes. Spite of much talk about declining agricultural populations and widespread farm abandonment, it still remains true that in the world there are so many farmers and so many agricultural acres that food is altogether the cheapest thing we buy. I am afraid (I say this with a little feeling of humiliation and self-pity) that farming is the poorest-paid occupation in America. I know that only the exceptionally favorably situated and well-managed farm can afford to pay a wage as great as thirty-five cents per hour, and feel a little puzzled—possibly a little embittered—when I note that the coal miners are striking to retain a wage scale of $7.50 for an eight-hour day; something beyond the wildest dream of the most imaginative farmer.

These things being so, the question naturally arises, "Why do men still continue to farm?" Well, there are various reasons. One is that a great many of us have all our earthly possessions locked up in a farm—a farm that is not now easy to sell—and it seems impossible to do anything else. Then some of us are too timid or perhaps too old to stand transplanting. Some of us—rather foolishly perhaps—are willing to sacrifice a good many things just for the rather shadowy privilege of being our own boss. More than you would believe we realize that farming is not only an occupation but it is also a mode of life, and a mode of life in which millions of men believe with a very deep and genuine faith. We know that there are some rather intangible compensations in farm life—some advantages that cannot be translated into bank balances. Lastly, as a class we are the most hopelessly confirmed of perennial optimists. Deep down in our hearts is always the gambler's hope that next year—next year—all things will change and that the end of the rainbow and the pot of gold will come down on the home farm.

I believe that farming is at an economic disadvantage as compared with industrial life; but I also believe that this is the result, not of unjust laws or of an unsympathetic attitude or of exploitation by the rest of the world, but rather because the farmer is just now caught in the grip of world-wide economic conditions which are a part of the times in which we live, and that his troubles are beyond legislative cure, and that dependence for relief must be sought in the operation of slow but sure economic laws and forces that are abroad in the world.

Now I make no pretense to familiarity with the Corn Belt farmer, but I have had the opportunity during many years of intimate contacts with the farmer of the old East. I know what he is saying and what he is thinking about. I know that he grumbles more or less. I know that he is leaving the marginal farms in large numbers. I know that he is sometimes tired and discouraged. But I also know that he is not looking for help from Washington.

Moreover—please note this—that as a class he is not so nearly down and out as his self-appointed spokesmen and caretakers may imagine. He is a hardy perennial and wonderfully tough to kill. Many of the older farmers remember and lived through the depression of the '90's and had still clean-cut intelligence enough to steadfastly vote against the great Free Silver delusion. Let me say that to an Eastern farmer who lived through those middle '90's this present depression, by contrast, appears like almost rosy prosperity.

And so it is that after our statesmen—or politicians—at Washington had finally passed the McNary-Haugen Bill I felt a sense of depression because those who should be our wisest and best would go a-whoring after false gods. And when the veto came I felt a sense of almost jubilant relief because I felt that the ghost of that particular heresy was pretty effectually laid, and for the first and probably the last time in my life I addressed a letter to the President of the United States, expressing my gratification and my thanks because he had saved us from a most fantastic and probably a most disastrous economic experiment. JARED VAN WAGENEN, JR.

Lawyersville, New York.

$4.33 per Acre per Year

THE letter from Mr. Charles B. Wing, published in your issue of March 30, is a fine, manly statement of the position most farmers are in to-day. To check his statements I have estimated the possibilities of a general farm of 150 acres rotating on corn, wheat, oats, rye, and hay, based upon the data of the Department of Agriculture. While an endless variety of figures may be produced by shuffling the crops, it appears possible for such a farm to return a net profit of about $650 per year. This represents the wages of the owner in compensation for a year's hard labor, plus the responsibility of deciding what to plant and where, when to harvest, and when to sell. In addition to this, he takes all the risks of climate and pests. While much of his food comes from the farm, against this should be charged the labor of his family, which I have not included in my estimate.

Such compensation is grossly unfair; it is less than the farmer must pay his hired man, who has no responsibility at all; and about all that can be said in favor of the situation is that the farmer is independent.

I must disagree emphatically with Mr. Wing's criticism of the President. He attempts to prove by illustration that rising prices do not result in increased acreage the following year. An examination of the Department's data for ten years indicates that there is no consistency in the relationship between prices and acreage. This is, no doubt, due to the uncertain factors to be taken into consideration in determining how much to plant. The parallel between this situation, in which prices are controlled by natural conditions, and the fixed price of the McNary-Haugen Bill is not a true one. It would be contrary to human nature to expect that if assured of a definite satisfactory price for the year's crop of wheat every farmer would not plant all he could of that grain.

My sincere sympathy is with Mr. Wing and the rest of the farmers, but I believe the President was right.

GEORGE C. HUNT.

Chicago, Illinois.

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COLLEGE man desires tutoring position for summer. 7,768, Outlook.

COMPANIONABLE, educated Protestant, experienced and practical, as useful family member in country home. Knowledge of cooking; responsible assistant; to convalescent. Would travel. State particulars. 7,775, Outlook.

COMPANION or chaperon by cheerful, refined, middle-aged Parisian lady. Would travel and teach French. Best references. 7,771, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman desires position as traveling companion for summer. Agreeable, traveled, good reader, interesting. 7,729, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN wants position as practical companion. Traveling or residential. 7,710, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

HARVARD law student, Dartmouth graduate, wants summer position, preferably outdoors; chauffeur, care for boats, grounds, etc., general utility man, travel, tutor; not afraid of hard work. 7,746, Outlook.

HIGHLY recommended, refined English governess as companion to lady or one or two school children. Willing to travel. 7,776, Outlook.

LIBRARIAN, normal and part college, refined and pleasant personality, desires summer position. Will travel. 7,745, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, chaperon, companion, by refined, cheerful, capable woman. Free to travel anywhere. 7,755, Outlook.

MT. Holyoke graduate, fellow at Northwestern University, desires outdoor work for summer. 7,773, Outlook.

NURSE, speaking German, would travel abroad as companion, attendant, or with children. 7,761, Outlook.

POSITION as companion-helper in small family of adults by middle-aged woman. Can sew and read aloud well. Country preferred. 7,770, Outlook.

POSITION desired as hostess or clerical work for summer months at mountain or seashore resort. Available June 20. 7,764, Outlook.

REFINED American widow with daughter fifteen desires position as housekeeper in gentleman's home. Good cook and housekeeper. Fine references. 7,737, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman, pleasing personality, desires position as companion (child or adult), governess, housekeeper; supervise motherless home. Kindergarten graduate. Excellent references. 7,759, Outlook.

REFINED woman, experienced, desires clerical work in hotel. 7,769, Outlook.

SINGLE lady wishes position as traveling companion, References. 7,766, Outlook.

SOUTHERN woman, with experience, desires position of housemother in young women's boarding school for next school year. 7,754, Outlook.

STUDENT, 25, male, desires companion and tutor position for summer. Can drive car. Junior in college. References furnished. 7,758, Outlook.

TRAVELING companion for July and August. West preferred. Drive any car or be ladies' maid. Bertha Ney, Washington, Conn.

WOMAN, reliable, wishes position as housekeeper for professional woman or elderly couple where there might be occasional leisure for study. 7,749, Outlook.

WOMAN, thirty, desires position where reliability is essential. Country. 7,767, Outlook.

YOUNG girl desires summer position as companion to children. Prefers to travel. Highest references exchanged. 7,756, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, Catholic, university graduate, experienced foreign language teacher, wants position as secretary, companion, or tutor. Willing to travel abroad. References. 7,751, Outlook.

YOUNG man, student, especially qualified, will spend part or full time as companion to nervous or mental patient. New York City or vicinity. 7,752, Outlook.

YOUNG physician, graduating class of Johns Hopkins, desires position in professional capacity with individual or party going to Europe this summer. 7,772, Outlook.

YOUNG teacher, experienced in travel abroad, desires summer position as travel companion through West. Expenses only. 7,774, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

TO board girl between five and ten years in Protestant family at seashore; mothers' care. $10 per week. Mrs. V. A. Packard, Southport, Me.

CHILD caring organization wishes to place a few girls aged from five to twelve years in superior private Christian homes in order that they may have the advantage of a normal, happy family life. Health, clothing, and educational expenses will be borne by the organization. Homes situated in vicinity of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, or New York preferred. All agreements private. Please reply to 7,747, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, middle-aged, musician, teacher in prominent school, desires home in refined family for summer, in partial exchange for lessons in singing and piano. Methods: singing—Frederick Bristol; piano—Mason and Parsons. 7,848, Outlook.

PRIVATE school principal New York City, having cottage Massachusetts seashore, will take several girls under fourteen years, June 1-September 1, or shorter period. Tutoring, recreation. Terms reasonable. 7,765, Outlook.

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"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

Give yourself 5 points for each question correctly answered. One hundred points is a perfect score. You can find the correct solution on the pages cited.

1. Where is the Hall of Fame? (P. 74.)
2. Who was Joanna Southcott? (P. 72.)
3. What is the meaning of Transylvania? (P. 81.)
4. Who wrote "The Winning of the West"? (P. 82.)
5. What Secretary of State inaugurated the "open door" policy? (P. 82.)
6. Where is the International Economic Conference now being held? (P. 84.)
7. What is the name of the system through which Europe is tending toward business stabilization? (P. 84.)
8. Into what does the Nelson River flow? (P. 88.)
9. What religious faith is most numerous in the world? (P. 96.)
10. Who wrote "The House of Mirth"? (P. 89.)
11. What State has the worst record in smallpox prevention? (P. 68.)
12. Where did General Lee surrender? (P. 91.)
13. What is the last name of the Governor of Maryland? (P. 71.)
14. What is Winston Churchill's title? (P. 71.)
15. What is the last name of the President of Princeton University? (P. 71.)
16. What is the last name of the present American Ambassador to France? (P. 78.)
17. Who was the first Ambassador from the United States to France? (P. 72.)
18. What country is across the Adriatic from Albania? (P. 71.)
19. Who founded Mount Holyoke College? (P. 74.)
20. Who invented dynamite? (P. 74.)

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WALTER S. GIFFORD
President

Contributors' Gallery

IRVING T. BUSH writes, not as a mere theorist, but as a practical business man whose theories have been realized. He is the founder and head of the Bush Terminal Company, the largest single coordination of transportation facilities in the United States. The Bush Sales and Office Building in New York and Bush House in London were planned and built by Mr. Bush, and are no less important from an architectural point of view than they are commercially.

ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN has been on The Outlook staff for many years and is now the Editor in Europe. He is making his headquarters in Paris just at present. He recently returned to the French capital from a trip through Spain, southern France, and northern Italy.

THROUGHOUT their long and eminently useful life together Lord and Lady Aberdeen have devoted themselves to causes which make for mutual understanding between nations, between social groups, between, in fact, all sorts and conditions of men and women. In particular, Lady Aberdeen has been a leader in mutual service among women. As President of the International Council of Women, she has maintained with youthful alertness her acquaintance with women of many lines. On this side of the Atlantic Lord and Lady Aberdeen became especially well known while Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada.

CHARLES HODGES again interprets the economic situation for Outlook readers. He is Assistant Professor of Government and Assistant Director of the Division of Oriental Commerce and Politics at New York University, and has spent much time in Europe and the Far East.

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